The Outlook

AUGUST 23, 1922

NORTHCLIFFE: JOURNALIST AND POLITICAL LEADER

VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE, who died in London on August 14 at the age of fifty-seven, was beyond doubt the most noted newspaper man of his time. His influence and power were derived not simply from any individual force as a writer, but from his tremendous energy as an organizer and controller and from his equally forceful ability as an independent and aggressive fighter for issues he believed to be vital. It would be impossible, therefore, to separate his accomplishment as a journalist from that of his activity as a leader of public opinion. Sometimes he was right, sometimes he was wrong, but he always aimed to lead rather than to follow. Added to this was his surprising skill at selecting men to carry out his ideas loyally and on the precise lines he had laid down.

When Lord Northcliffe died, he controlled the London "Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Evening News," and a long list of minor periodicals and magazines. He had attained this journalistic preeminence in a career of little over thirty years. As Alfred Harmsworth, his early journalistic activities were of the humblest kind. His start towards success began with the popularity of a little periodical called "Answers" which catered to the popular liking for smartly written replies to correspondents and to the love of odd and curious miscellany. It is said that his first attempt to enlarge his audience was the publishing of a "Great Extra Double Summer Holiday Seaside Number" of "Answers." In seven years from this time he owned more than thirty periodicals, ranging from "Comic Cuts" to a monthly magazine. A complete list of his periodicals printed in the New York "Times" names nearly or quite one hundred publications, no less than seventy-six of which have to do with fun, fashions, sports, women, boys, or girls.

Harmsworth entered the field of daily journalism by buying the "Evening News," then in a very weak and unprofitable state. His success as a daily newspaper man was almost immediate. He ran up the circulation enormously and made large profits. Instead of being satisfied with this success, as most men might be, he entered what was one of his most important ventures by gaining control of the "Daily Mail." It is a well-known fact that he spent a large sum of money, much time, and unending pains in getting the "Daily Mail" as he wanted it to be before offering it to the public. The paper was written and prepared (news, telegrams, editorials, and all) day after day for three months. It was put in type exactly as any paper might

Underwood

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, ON HIS LAST VISIT TO AMERICA

be, but only a few copies were printed. These were seen by the staff only, who criticised, studied, planned, and brought their model into the shape that best suited the proprietor before a single copy was sold to the public. It was charged by conservatives that Northcliffe introduced American methods into English journalism; at all events, he made his new paper everything that was enterprising and graphic, and cast aside whenever he chose existing British theories and practices in newspaper work.

Still unbounded in his ambition, Northcliffe acquired financial control of the "Times," the paper which so long had stood for dignity and political influence in English history. He showed his genius and intelligence by keeping the two newspapers he owned quite different in character and effort. Both have been eminently successful, each in its own field. The "Mail" is immensely popular and readable; the "Times" retains much of its ancient dignity, but in many ways, and particularly in its "Literary Supplement," is more readable, more modern, and less austere than the "Times" edited by Delane. The whole story of Northcliffe's journalistic career reads like a romance, and it was possible only with a man of boundless courage and equally boundless energy and versatility.

NORTHCLIFFE'S LEADERSHIP IN THE WAR

POLITICALLY, Lord Northcliffe was a man who made enemies as well as friends. His motto was "Pitiless publicity," and if purpose and conviction animated him he would attack a Prime Minister as readily as he would a brother journalist.

In the World War he was a thorn in the flesh of the Government whenever he thought new measures were necessary or that old abuses needed weeding out. His campaign in behalf of high explosives for the British army, and incidentally against Lord Kitchener, brought down a storm of protest on his head; he even saw piles of copies of his newspapers burned in public in London streets as a sign of popular hatred; yet no one doubts to-day that the British army was sorely in need of high explosives and more shells. He advocated conscription before public opinion was ready to accept it. But conscription was inevitable, and it came. He demanded a small and efficient War Cabinet, and was supported in this by Lloyd George, with the result that Asquith resigned as Premier and Lloyd George succeeded him. He fiercely attacked the Government for its errors in the campaigns of Gallipoli and Mesopotamia, and, while the criticisms may have done no good, they were deserved. His work as director of the Allies' propaganda in enemy countries during the war was remarkable; the highest German authorities have admitted that it was far in advance of anything of the kind they had done.

Even before the war Northcliffe was one of the few men awake to the German menace, and in 1909 he used the words, "Great Britain's dear friend,

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Germany, is preparing for nothing short of war against her." Soon afterward he declared that the German building of Zeppelins was really a war measure and urged the building of a great English air fleet. Lord Northcliffe's controversies with Lloyd George have been vigorous on both sides. But he certainly sustained the Prime Minister in all efficient war measures and over and over again recognized Lloyd George's ability. The last of Northcliffe's controversies with Lloyd George was in regard to the present relations between France and Germany. Northcliffe, down to the moment of his collapse, fought with his accustomed vigor in behalf of the preservation of the Entente and the recognition of France's needs and rights. He said many bitter things about what he considered Lloyd George's weakness as to German reparations and in dealing with the Russian situation.

NORTHCLIFFE'S PUBLIC SERVICES

OPINIONS will differ as to the total value of Lord Northcliffe's public activity. Yet when one considers its chief objects and results and ignores the personalities and sensationalism that accompanied it, it must be admitted that he was substantially right in a large number of his contentions. Incidentally, through his papers he did a great deal for public comfort in his fight for pure milk, his encouragement of cottage building, the standardizing of bread in England, his Santa Claus Fund, and probably a dozen other helpful agitations.

Lord Northcliffe was always interested in America and an advocate of Anglo-American friendship. The American Ambassador to Great Britain, Mr. Harvey, said in commenting on Northcliffe's career: "It was a cardinal tenet of his faith that perpetuation of civilization could be assured only by mutuality of purpose and action on the part of our two countries, and he actually did more, perhaps, than any other one man, living or dead, to attain fulfillment of that noble aspiration."

Even Northcliffe's journalistic rivals generously and cordially admit the value of his work. The "Morning Post" declares: "His influence is destined long to survive him. It is consolidated in achievements which are enduring;" and the "Daily Telegraph" says, "He was a great man and a great Englishman."

A FRIEND OF IRISH PEACE

IT is easier, but not wiser, to follow a flag to the death than to recognize when the time for a just peace has arrived. Arthur Griffith, who died in Dublin on August 12, after a sudden collapse, was as ardent an advocate of Irish independence as De Valera, but, unlike the latter, he was fighting for the substance and not the wording of the idea.

More than any other one man, Griffith exercised the influence that brought the saner Sinn Fein leaders to see that Dominion self-government in the hand is worth immeasurably more than a Republic in the bush. It has been said that in the early days of the Sinn Fein Michael Collins was its arm and Griffith its brain. It is to Collins's credit that he saw that Griffith was right and aided him in persuading other Irish negotiators in London to accept the terms upon which the Irish Free State is founded.

Griffith was in his early days a follower of Parnell; later he was a miner in South Africa, and is said to have got the idea of the Sinn Fein from the South African "Our Land" party. He was a prisoner of the British in 1921, and was released in order that he might take part in the London Conference. Padraic Colum described Griffith some months ago in the New York "Tribune" as "square, stolid, enlightened, persistent, devoted to his country." His loss to the Free State party and Government is a serious one, for he had balance and intelligence where too many Irish patriots have fervor and unreason.

IRISH IRREGULARS IN IRELAND AND AMERICA

THE retreat of the Irish "irregulars" from Cork and Limerick indicates that their resistance to the will of the Irish people, expressed in an indorsement of the Free State plan, is weakening and dying out.

The seizure of transatlantic cables by the insurgents was a sensational coup. Bold as the stroke was, however, and considerable as was the immediate inconvenience to commerce, it is not a body blow at the Free State, and may be compared to such acts in our own country as the recent stranding of railway passengers in the desert rather than to any large military action. Certainly the act has not endeared the Irish guerrilla forces to Americans.

By the way, it is amusing to note the present absence in our Congress and anti-British press of fulminations on the Irish question; so long as it was a case of England against Ireland we had plenty of it; now that it is Irish against Irish the anti-British agitators seem to be waiting to see which way the cat jumps.

ACCORD IN THE EAST, DISCORD IN EUROPE

WHILE gradual progress has been made toward the completion of an understanding among the Powers in the Pacific Ocean and the Far East, practically no progress is evident in the development of an understanding among the European Powers concerning European questions.

There is fresh evidence of this fact.

Recently both Great Britain and Japan have ratified the treaty for the limitation of naval armaments. The three greatest naval Powers in the world have now committed themselves against continuing the old frantic race for naval supremacy.

At the same time there has been held a conference in London among the five nations which were, beside the United States, the chief allies in the war against the Central Powers. The outcome of this conference, which lasted over a week, has been, to use Poincaré's characteristically pungent phrase, "an accord to misunderstand each other." That conference was called to see if some understanding could not be reached concerning the problem of German reparations. To this conference at London the French Premier came with certain proposals. He was willing to agree to a moratorium for Germany, releasing her for the time being from the installments of the reparations which are now due, on condition that certain steps be taken to guarantee the payments. To the French suggestion, for example, that a sixty per cent share in the dye and other industries on the left bank of the Rhine be taken over, all the other countries in conference objected. To the French suggestion that certain of the German mines and forests be administered under Allied control, all but Belgium objected. Great Britain, of course, is interested in reviving trade; and of course anything that is done to put a burden upon Germany to repair the damage done in France interferes with trade. For example, any administration of German forests is likely to introduce a competitor with the Canadian lumber business. So France is prevented from securing guaranties with the aid of her friends, and she is denounced if she suggests getting guaranties without their aid.

It is alleged that Germany cannot pay because she is bankrupt. What seems to be forgotten is the difference between a government and a country. It is true that the German Government is bankrupt—but not Germany.

CUBA

ELSEWHERE in this issue we print some interesting correspondence about Cuba from a member of the staff of The Outlook. What our correspondent says is based upon a recent visit to the rich and beautiful island of the Caribbean, and it is confirmed by a

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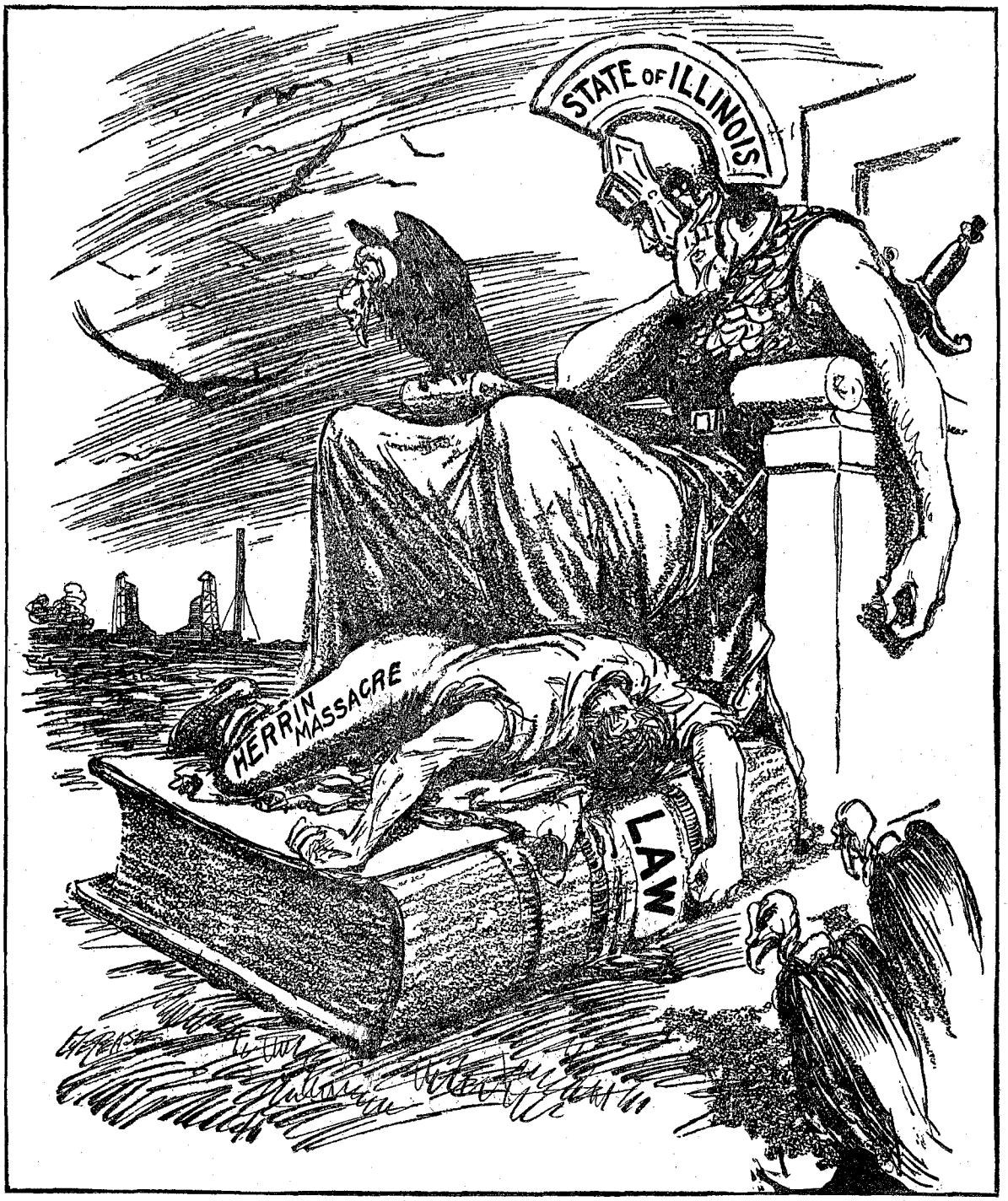
TREASON AND MURDER EVER KEPT TOGETHER

(*Henry V, Act II, Scene 2*)

Pease in the Newark Evening News



From an Associated Press despatch from Atlantic City, New Jersey, July 13.—Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, delivered the principal address to-day at the final session of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

"But a few short weeks ago," he said, "in southern Illinois, as atrocious a massacre occurred as is contained in our annals. Men were killed, not cleanly killed, but brutally killed, and up to the time in which I speak there is no shadow of a conviction of the murderers in sight. I know not who was to blame, whether employer or employee—perhaps both—but if our country is to stand we must mete out justice in this case regardless of the affiliations. A blot of this kind on our escutcheon can be wiped out in one manner and one manner only, and that is by due process of law."

From an Associated Press despatch from Marion, Illinois, August 11.—State's Attorney Delos Ruty, Sheriff Melvin Thaxton, and other officials of Williamson County, working under orders of W. J. Brundage, State Attorney-General, are gathering evidence against participants in the mine war at the strip pit of the Southern Illinois Coal Company at Herrin, near here, on June 21 and 22, in which nineteen non-union workers and three union miners were killed.

It was stated to-day by a county official that sufficient evidence has been collected to convict many participants in the disorders, but that complete evidence as to the mob leaders still is lacking.

From J. A. MacArt, East Orange, N. J.

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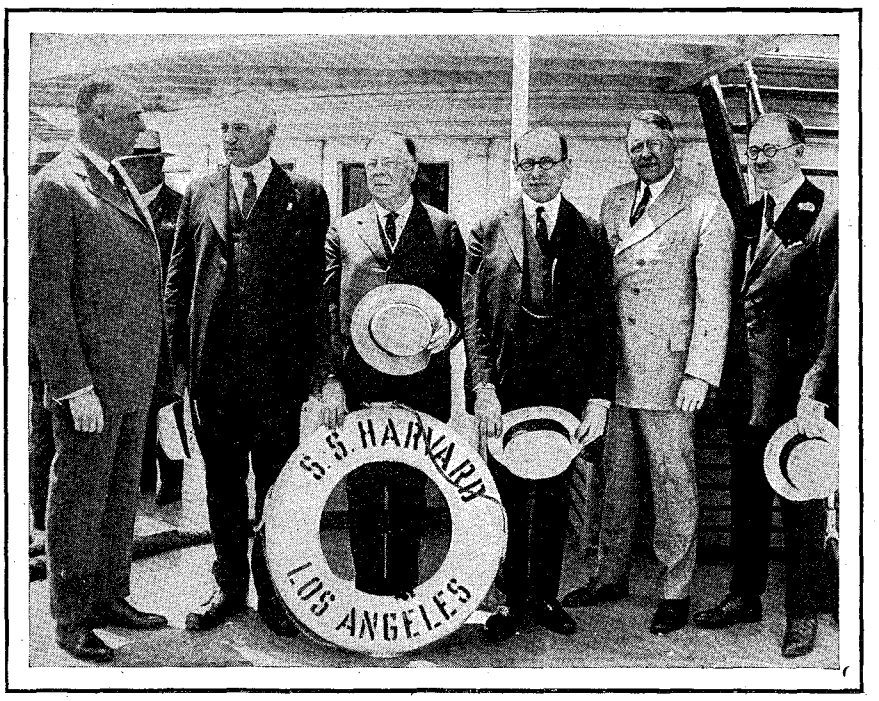

Keystone

A SHIPPING BOARD COMMITTEE

In order to make a study of harbor conditions and to get views on shipping problems three prominent members of the United States Shipping Board, aboard the steamship Harvard, recently arrived at Los Angeles, California. Left to right in the group are: Fred L. Baker, of the Los Angeles Ship-building and Dry Dock Corporation; Admiral W. S. Benson, former Senator George E. Chamberlain, and Meyer Lissner, members of the Board; F. W. Relyea, district manager of the Board; and Earle M. Leaf, Vice-President and Secretary of the Los Angeles Ship-Building and Dry Dock Corporation

despatch from Havana to the New York "Times," dated August 6. This despatch quotes from a memorandum recently addressed by General Crowder to President Zayas, of Cuba. The memorandum deals with the financial and administrative deficiencies of the Cuban Government. General Crowder intimates that the present debts of the Government are being badly handled; that the administration of the Government is extravagant and wasteful; that economies of administration must be firmly insisted upon; that there must be a thorough and impartial investigation of the persistent charges of graft and corruption in the Cuban Customs and Internal Revenue Services; and that the Cuban judiciary is not in a healthy condition. General Crowder says that the reforms in the Cuban Government must be "of such character as to make it reasonably certain that the Government of the United States will never have to take steps, under the authority of the permanent treaty and Constitution of Cuba, to secure prompt payment of interest and sinking-fund charges on either the proposed new loan or the existing loans." In his opinion, "it is obvious that adequate assurance that the Government of the United States will be saved from this disagreeable duty under said treaty and Constitution must proceed from measures to be adopted by both legislative and executive branches of the Cuban Government."

General Crowder has been in Cuba for more than a year as personal representative of President Harding under the Platt Amendment, which provides for American approval of Cuban affairs. He is in Cuba with all the moral power, if not the official status, of a special Ambassador. While his memorandum to President Zayas was couched in the most courteous and diplomatic terms, it is a distinct intimation of possible intervention.

Cubans and Americans are fortunate in having such a man as General Crowder in the position which he occupies in Cuban affairs. He possesses both the highest integrity and the highest administrative skill. The way in which he devised and put into operation the system creating a citizen army of three million men under the Draft Law shows him to be a man of insight and genius.

SOME CONSTRUCTIVE WORK BY THE SHIPPING BOARD

While two contending forces in the railway industry of the United States are in a struggle which is rapidly leading to the disintegration of railway transportation, the Shipping Board is hard at work on constructive plans to strengthen and improve transportation by sea.

A section of the Merchant Marine Act provides that the American importer and exporter may enjoy preferential freight rates lower than the domestic rates for the same hauling in transporting his goods to or from the seaboard, provided these goods are exported or imported in American ships. The only condition upon which such low preferential rates are granted is that adequate shipping facilities are available on American vessels. This section of the Marine Act has never been enforced because the Shipping Board has been of the opinion that adequate American shipping facilities, as defined by the Act, have not yet been available.

The Shipping Board has now appointed a committee consisting of ex-Senator George E. Chamberlain, Admiral William S. Benson, and Mr. Meyer Lissner, all members of the Board, to investigate in person export and import facilities at Boston, New York, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Seattle, Portland (Oregon), San Francisco, and Los Angeles. The accompanying photograph shows the members of the committee and their aids and assistants arriving at Los Angeles.

In its work the Committee has inspected terminal facilities, harbors, warehouses, and docks, and has held hearings with local officials, civic organizations, and citizens on the subject. They have discovered the reasons why certain shippers still favor foreign lines, and their report, when published, will be a valuable contribution to a solution of the complicated problem of building up and maintaining an American merchant marine. We take the occasion to repeat again our wish that the Shipping Board might as rapidly as possible get out of the business of operating ships, and devote itself to scientific investigation, like that being made by the present Committee, which may form the basis of intelligent and just legislation for the regulation of transoceanic transportation.

LAWLESS AND INHUMAN

The Vice-President of the Santa Fé Railway used exactly the right adjectives when he telegraphed to Warren Stone, Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, that the treatment of passengers by employees of the Santa Fé was a "lawless and inhuman violation of their contracts."

Public indignation has rarely been aroused so strongly as in this instance. Without any declaration of a strike, without orders from their union, and without approval by the chiefs of their brotherhoods, engineers, conductors, and trainmen abandoned their service at Needles and other places. A large number of men, women, and children were not only delayed and annoyed, but suffered from intense heat and lack of food. To say that this conduct was inhuman

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is to put it mildly. It will go far to alienate public sympathy with the railway workers in the present controversy.

We have looked in vain for an adequate condemnation of this act from the Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He is one of the oldest, best respected, and usually most moderate men among labor leaders. Yet he confines his comment on the act to a statement that this really atrocious conduct is illegal and unauthorized and that labor representatives have been sent to the locality involved to ask the men to return to work. An earnest expression of sincere sympathy with the people thus injured and of indignation toward those guilty would have been a simple act of justice and humane feeling on the part of Mr. Stone and the other heads of the brotherhoods.

It would also be well if a clearer statement than has yet appeared should be made by the union leaders as to the causes alleged for the defection of the men. To say that they will not work while State forces are guarding the shops against striking shopmen or to allege that the trainmen and engineers are asked to take out badly equipped trains and locomotives without giving facts in detail is weak and inadequate. The public is justified in believing that in point of fact these "rebel strikes" are really sympathetic strikes.

The men involved in these outrages have apparently forgotten that even in war women and children and non-combatants are exempt from attack.

MUSIC IN A DEMOCRACY

THE State of Pennsylvania has not been famous for excellence in government. Its progress has for many years been more or less bound hand and foot by a reactionary political machine. There are many signs, however, that the State is breaking its bands asunder. Some of them are political and some of them are educational and musical. And it is a phase of the latter which we here comment upon. The Educational Department of the State has taken on vision and vigorous life under the leadership of the new Commissioner, Thomas E. Finegan, who is setting up fresh modern ideals and standards throughout the whole educational system. He has the good sense to recognize the power and the function of music in a democracy. He brought from Cornell University to the State of Pennsylvania Dr. Hollis Dann, one of the famous directors of music in the country, and has put him at the head of the development of artistic and inspiring music for the schools of the Commonwealth.

This month a summer musical session under the direction of Dr. Dann is being held at West Chester, thirty miles from Philadelphia, which is being attended by some five hundred supervisors of music from thirty-three States and the Dominion of Canada. A practical training in the teaching of music to the children is being given by members of a faculty chosen for proficiency from different parts of the United States, the children coming from homes near by. The chorus of hundreds of men and women of musical talent from the various States has attained a high degree of finish under its leader. Artistic technique is wrought into the fabric of the great folk-songs of America. What this chorus sings millions of boys and girls can sing. This great summer festival sets the ideal for the supervisors of music to carry out in every part of the United States.

It is to be hoped that Pennsylvania's musical policy will be imitated in her sister States. During the war we developed community singing to a high degree. We thought we needed it in war. We need it as much in peace. Leadership, co-operation, harmony—by the combination of these three factors music is produced. The habits of leadership, co-operation, harmony, wrought into the warp and woof of citizenship, were never more needed than now in this country. Music in the schools, under trained and inspiring directors, can do much to make these qualities habitual in our American democracy.

A CHECK IN THE PROGRESSIVE DRIVE

AFTER the succession of victories for progressive candidates in Republican primaries in Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Iowa, it may seem surprising that there should be no sign of vigorous life among the progressives of Ohio.

Carmi A. Thompson, the successful Republican candidate for Governor, is a stalwart regular. He was not, however, nominated because he was a regular, but because he was identified in the minds of the voters with the cause of prohibition. The result is sufficient to prove without a doubt that the Republican party of Ohio is overwhelmingly for the Prohibition Amendment, for the Volstead Act, and for their enforcement.

How far other factors entered into the contest is a matter for surmise. It is very possible that the Republican voters of Ohio were loth to give any indication that the party organization was not strong in the President's State.

The winner of the Republican nomination for the Senatorship was Simeon D. Fess, one of the most experienced Representatives in Congress.

In the Democratic primaries A. V. Donahey was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor. Senator Pomerene, a man of independence and ability, did not have the approval of the Anti-Saloon League, but was nominated to succeed himself. There was no indication that the Democratic party in Ohio is particularly dry.

THE COAL AND RAILWAY CRISIS

IN an editorial in last week's Outlook on the railway strike, we said:

> The people of the United States are never going back to the period of irresponsible private operation of railways. They will either require successful operation under Government regulation or they will turn to Government ownership and operation. Now we do not advocate Government ownership and operation. We think we realize its economic, financial, and political dangers; but the American people are getting restive; their patience is being exhausted by broken-down locomotives, dilatory trains, and bad shipment of freight. The managers may say that it is not their fault; that it is the fault of perverse and obstinate workmen. If, however, the railway executives cannot find a way to get on with their employees, the people, in spite of the dangers of bureaucracy, will turn in impatience, if not in despair, to Uncle Sam.

This crisis has come sooner than we expected. The Governors of five States—Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, South Dakota, and North Dakota—have met in conference at St. Paul and have jointly passed a resolution and telegraphed it to the President, saying that the "famine in fuel threatens the health and happiness of our people," and that, if he should deem it wise to seize the coal-carrying railways and the coal mines, "in order that the necessities of life of the people during the period of the present emergency may be provided for, such action will have the hearty approval of the executives of these five States, and we believe of the people whom we represent." This resolution will be found in full in a telegram which Governor Preus, of Minnesota, sends us at our request, and which is printed in a group of telegraphic expressions of opinion received by The Outlook, and published on another page of this issue.

The combined population of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North Dakota, and South Dakota is nine million people. When the Governors of these five great, representative States of the Republic take the action they have in this crisis, it cannot be waved aside as impulsive or hysterical extravagance. We congratulate Governors Preus, Blaine, Kendall, McMaster, and Nestos upon their decisive courage. They at least are not "pussy-footing." Their telegram to

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President Harding may at last make the slow-moving public realize that the coal and railway strikes have forced the country to the very edge of an abyss.

We are, in fact, in the midst of a kind of civil war. The capitalist managers are in one camp; the wage-paid workers are in the other. As in the case of all wars, the innocent bystander is the first to suffer. The farmers' crops are rotting; factories are threatened with shutdowns because of lack of fuel; railway accidents of one kind or another are becoming more frequent; and on the deserts of the Far West train crews, by abandoning their work, have jeopardized the health and welfare, and even the lives, of women and children.

Although we believe that we know some of the fundamental causes of this state of warfare, and can suggest some of the methods by which its repetition may be prevented in the future, we do not think this is the time to discuss the philosophy of the situation. It is a time, not for discussion, but for action. Some of the railway executives and coal operators want to be let alone in order to crush the unions by a fight to the finish; some of the strikers want to cripple or put out of business the railways and the mines, in order to terrify the public into recognizing their supremacy. But now is the time to assert and maintain that the only supreme power in a democracy is that of all the people expressed through the Government.

The Government of the United States cannot control the rainfall, the clouds, the sunshine, the winds, or the carbonizing of ancient tree-trunks into coal; but it can see that no class of men, whether capitalists or laborers, shall combine to prevent the people from enjoying the natural fruits of these processes of nature. There has been too much talk and too little action in the present emergency. The Government that does not exercise its legitimate authority and power to stop warfare over the necessities of life is a failure as a Government.

NEITHER FREE TRADE NOR CHINESE WALL

EVERY time Congress undertakes to enact a new general tariff law, politicians begin to tremble. They dare not leave the tariff alone, and they are afraid to touch it. If their memories are good, they recall the disastrous effects of past tariff legislation upon their party's fortunes. If they are Democrats, they remember the ill consequences of the Wilson Tariff Law in President Cleveland's second administration and the political peril (averted only by the outbreak of the European War in 1914) which was incurred by the Underwood Tariff. If they are Republicans, they remember the agitation against the Dingley Law and the catastrophe of Schedule K and President Taft's Winona speech. Each party in turn as it comes into power seems convinced that it has a popular mandate to revise the tariff and yet is apprehensive of the consequences of revision.

At the same time the people are confused and irritated. Clamor for a change in this schedule or that clashes with clamor for some other change or against change of any kind. Protective rates invoked in one quarter for the sake of the general welfare are denounced in other quarters as grants of privilege to special interests. Committees of Congress sit, make reports, and propose provisions. Representatives and Senators—especially Senators—make elaborate speeches (printed at the public expense and circulated through the mails without cost of postage). And the people throw the speeches into the waste-basket, read the headlines in the newspapers, and turn wearily away to something they think they can understand. The net result is that public opinion about the tariff bill becomes once more a vague but settled conviction that whatever Congress is doing about the tariff it is doing badly.

This is emphatically the case at present. What do the people generally know about the Tariff Bill now under discussion in the Senate? About its merits or its defects practically nothing. They have perhaps noticed that a proposal for an embargo on the importation of German dyes was defeated—at least temporarily—and that consequently some have asserted that the American dye industry, built up during the war, is probably doomed to extinction. They have read the reports of accusations that Senators financially interested in certain industries have voted for protective duties on the products of competing industries abroad. They have seen some reference to a debate about duties on gloves, and have read that hides are to be on the free list. They have possibly noticed that certain spokesmen for the farming population have changed their minds about the advantage to the farmers of high duties on agricultural products. They have seen some statement that the bill will place a heavy tariff on sugar and have wondered if that is going to make sugar more expensive. Such impressions as they have received are chance impressions, mutually unrelated, and conceived with no principle that they can discover. The general impression they have of the tariff debate is that Congress is trying to make some kind of compromise to satisfy a large number of special interests, and that for a solution it may try as an experiment a plan of setting maximum and minimum rates, and then letting the President decide what the rates shall be from time to time between those two extremes.

This, we think, is about as near as the ordinary intelligent citizen who reads the newspapers gets to the truth concerning the Tariff Bill.

The reason for the fears of the politician and the confusion of the ordinary citizen is that there is not, and there has not been for many years, any clear division between the parties on the tariff. There has been no simple, clear, fundamental tariff policy that could be called Republican or Democratic. There have been slogans—"the full dinner-pail," "tariff for revenue only," and so on—but no principles. Both parties are by practice committed to tariff duties which in fact are protective. The only difference between the parties is a difference of emphasis, and nobody can clearly state, so that the plain people can understand, just where that emphasis is going to be placed.

To make that clear let us consider some simple, easily understood policies.

There are certainly at least three general tariff policies that a party might stand for.

It might declare that Government should adopt concerning international trade a doctrine of *laisser faire*—let it alone. It might say trade between nations ought to be absolutely unhindered, that each country ought to be allowed to produce and sell anywhere the goods it can produce most cheaply. This of course would mean that in one industry one country, in another industry another country, would have a virtual monopoly. Under such a policy, there would be the same freedom of trade that there is between the States of the American Union. At present there is no such freedom of trade, and there can be none by virtue of the action of any one or two or half a dozen countries alone. This policy, to be effective, would have to be adopted by virtually all the trading nations of the world. So no party in the United States could put such a policy into operation; but it could advocate it, agitate for it, declare that it would undertake to negotiate treaties to make it effective. It might say that if it were placed in power it would establish free trade between the United States and any other country that would agree to this policy.

Even if it did not propose to go as far as Great Britain did before the war and abolish practically all duties on imports

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without reciprocal action on the part of any other nation, it might thus adopt as its permanent policy the ideal of international free trade.

This is something no party has ever done. It is true that some years ago the Democratic party was called by some of its opponents a free-trade party and that President Wilson hinted at international free trade as an ideal in his Fourteen Points. It is also true that the Republican party, led by Blaine, was persuaded to adopt officially a policy of reciprocity which logically would lead to the same thing. In practice, however, no American political party has adopted as a working policy the doctrine of *laisser faire*.

There is another equally simple, definite, fundamental policy which a political party might adopt. It might declare that the Government should erect an impassable tariff barrier against all foreign goods, or at least against all goods which might be manufactured here. This might be called the policy of the Chinese wall. This of course would mean that many things which other countries can manufacture cheaply would be manufactured in this country at a high cost, and would therefore become expensive; but it would make it possible for this country to be virtually self-contained and become a world in itself. It would mean the virtual extinction of all foreign trade except in such exceptional luxuries of an exotic sort that would have no effect on the life or industry of the American people. It would amount to a declaration of absolute commercial independence. This policy has in modern times never been attempted by any nation except Japan; and there it was carried out to an extreme that would be impossible in a nation like the United States. Nevertheless by means of tariff legislation foreign importations could be reduced to a negligible amount. A party might conceivably declare itself committed to this as an ideal, and legislate for the purpose of making the United States commercially independent and isolated.

This, again, is something no party has ever done. It is true that some high-protectionists have urged this as a desirable ideal; and in some cases, for special purposes, schedules have been devised which shut out certain classes of goods. In practice, however, no party has ever attempted to create out of American tariff duties a Chinese wall.

A third policy, which makes an ideal neither of free trade nor of isolation, is equally definite. It is the policy of adjustment or regulation. Its purpose is twofold, and must be twofold. It is designed to provide both revenue and protection. Sometimes the emphasis has been laid on revenue, sometimes on protection; but it always combines the two. This is the policy of the United States under both political parties. It has never, in fact, been threatened. It is as firmly fixed as an American policy as it ever was. Though the tariff has often figured as a partisan issue in American political campaigns, it has never figured as a fundamental issue, for the simple reason that no party has ever proposed to depart from this simple policy of regulation and adjustment.

Next week we shall consider some of the aspects of this American policy in its recent development.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NOVELS

THERE has been lately in the London "Times," the American "Bookman," and other periodicals discussion about American novels in England and English novels in America. It has been petty rather than enlightening, because it has turned on alleged discrimination by publishers and critics from supposedly patriotic prejudice. Thus Mr. Sinclair Lewis is represented as saying in effect that the English writers are an effete crew lacking pep and go and with a supercilious attitude toward American books, and Shane Lewis as retorting that American writers are prone to mutual admiration. This is acrimonious but unconvincing. Not prejudice or patriotic leanings, but literary performance, is what tells in the long run. The best novels in the English language are read on both sides; the weaklings do not, as a rule, survive the passage.

But, if one is to compare the fiction output of the two countries, it must be admitted that firmness of texture and thoroughness of workmanship are more common in the English-made novel than in our own. The test is not the number of copies sold, but the interest shown by cultivated readers who care for the art of fiction writing rather than for temporary amusement or excitement. Of course there have been, and still are, American writers whose work is finished with care, whose characters stand out as solid persons and not sketchy types, whose central situations are vital and commanding. Hawthorne and Howells are examples in the past; to-day Edith Wharton, Winston Churchill, Booth Tarkington, Mrs. Deland, and a few others have just these attributes. But if we look over the American novels of a decade or so and compare them as a whole with what has come from the pens of Galsworthy, Conrad, Wells, Walpole, De Morgan, Locke, Merrick, and a dozen other recognized English masters of the art, the reader who wants fiction that has quality will find the greater achievement abroad.

And this superiority of finish and leisurely completeness exists in English studies of single characters, and even in sensational novels as well as in those that go deeper into life. Where in American fiction of the last year or two, for instance, shall we find such clever pieces of work as Mrs. Kaye-Smith's "Joanna Godden," or Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes," or Sabbatini's "Scaramouche," or Mr. Milne's detective stories—the list might be extended indefinitely. The point is that, allowing for exceptions and for divergent tastes, our English friends score in their thoroughness of execution, while too many of our books are scamped, hurried, and sketchy.

Why is this so? Partly because the tradition of English novel-writing has grown up steadily and gradually; that branch of literature has in England been practiced longer and in a more professional way than it has been here. The American novel of to-day is the offspring of the Sunday-school book and the dime novel; some of us can remember the time when a novel without a didactic or moral purpose was looked at askance by truly good people. So our fiction has developed spasmodically and has tended unduly to stories with a purpose or (for the ungodly) tales of pirates, Indians, and the Wild West. Again, English society is more compact, its civilization is more homogeneous; even its class divisions aid the novelist in balancing his major and minor characters. England is small, and London has been its one great literary center from time immemorial. The novel has developed in an orderly, progressive fashion. Standards of workmanship and literary craft have become recognized in novel building. A type of English novel that is neither French nor American has evolved in which situation, character, incident, and humor play freely within a certain unity of design. In short, without being arbitrary or sweeping in judgment, one finds that the English novel is, on the average, more likely to be well thought out and carefully written than its American rival.

After all, however, there is no rigid nationality in genius. Schools of fiction may arise and fall, critics may bicker about the purpose of novel writing and weigh realism against romance, as they will, but once let a work of genius appear and theories are forgotten. The art of story-telling is a gift as well as an accomplishment. From Homer's day to ours he who can wave the enchanted wand will ever find enthralled followers.

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SHALL THE GOVERNMENT SEIZE THE RAILWAYS AND COAL MINES?

TELEGRAMS ANSWERING THIS QUESTION FROM GOVERNOR PREUS, OF MINNESOTA; GOVERNOR BLAINE, OF WISCONSIN; GOVERNOR NESTOS, OF NORTH DAKOTA; GEORGE KENNAN; J. R. HOWARD; SENATOR BORAH; ROY D. CHAPIN; E. B. CORNWALL; A. L. GARFORD; SAMUEL GOMPERS; SENATOR LENROOT

OFFICIAL OPINION

PERHAPS the most startling event in the coal and railway crisis (during the week ending August 15, when this issue of The Outlook went to press) was the joint telegram of five Governors in the Northwest to President Harding suggesting that the Federal Government should seize and operate the coal mines and railways for the benefit of the public. Their action, taken on August 10, was briefly reported in the daily papers of August 11. On that day we telegraphed each of the five Governors as follows:

THE TELEGRAM

Have read with interest report of your conference at St. Paul. A telegraphic expression of your reasons for advising Government seizure of railroads and mines, two hundred words, night press rates collect, will greatly aid in forming intelligent public opinion and will oblige The Outlook.

New York, August 11, 1922.

There follow the telegraphic replies of the Governors of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and North Dakota.

Governor Preus, of Minnesota, is a Republican; thirty-nine years of age; born in Wisconsin; graduate of Luther College, Iowa, and of the University of Minnesota Law School; began his political career as secretary to United States Senator Knute Nelson, who has served over a quarter of a century in the upper house of Congress; has been Insurance Commissioner and Auditor of his State; was elected Governor in 1920; and is looked upon by his party as the probable successor of Senator Nelson.

Governor Blaine, of Wisconsin, is a Republican; forty-seven years of age; born in Wisconsin; educated at Valparaiso University; is a farmer and lawyer; has been in sympathy with Senator La Follette's leadership; formerly Attorney-General of his State, and now serving his first term as Governor.

Governor Nestos, of North Dakota. Independent, in a special recall election supplanted Governor Lynn Frazier, who had been elected in 1920 by the Non-Partisan League aided by Republicans. He represents the return of North Dakota to conservative-liberalism after its disappointment with Non-Partisan radicalism.

GOVERNOR PREUS'S TELEGRAM

The following is the resolution adopted by the five Governors of the Northwest States and presented to the President: "Whereas there exists an acute scarcity of coal due to labor dispute which has suspended the working of many mines and interrupted the functions of the railroads, and whereas this famine in fuel threatens the health and happiness of our people and imperils the prosperity of our business, therefore be it resolved, that we, the Governors of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, and Iowa, do hereby assure the President of the United States that, if from the information at hand he believes it is wise to take over coal-loading carriers as defined in Service Order No. 23, or if he believes it is necessary to take over coal mines in order that the necessities of life of the people during the period of the present emergency may be provided for, such action will have hearty approval of executives of these five States, and we believe of the people whom we represent."

A gradual paralysis is creeping over the industries of the State of Minnesota and entire Northwest due to the lack of coal. The coal operators could have shipped their coal to Lake Superior Dock before the strike was declared on April 1, 1922, for they knew there would be such a strike. They failed to do so. Since the strike has been declared railroads have failed to supply the necessary number of cars to the non-union mines in Kentucky and West Virginia coal fields. The Northwest States have through long usage been accustomed to obtaining their fuel from Eastern coal fields. No coal is being produced in Illinois to supply our needs. The railroads have fallen down in making shipment from non-union mines since the strike was declared. Tremendous hardships face the Northwest, with its Arctic climate and its industries gradually closing down. While I am vigorously opposed to the Nationalization of mines or the Government operation of railroads, nevertheless in this emergency, where the coal operators and the railroad officials have proven their inefficiency, there may be no other remedy than the one referred to in our resolution. Have just received the following telegram from Governor Morgan, of West Virginia, which proves my contention that the railroads between the lower lake docks and the non-union mines are unable to meet the situation: "Your telegram from St. Paul received. Until railroad strike became acute, affecting locomotive power of railroads, West Virginia was producing coal in excess of her normal production, even exceeding her war-time activities, realizing that the Nation was dependent on her production to prevent domestic suffering and industrial paralysis. While railroad strike has curtailed production, West Virginia, despite coal strike, is in position to increase her output from one-half million to one million tons weekly if car service is provided by railroads. We appreciate your grave situation, and be assured that West Virginia will contribute to the full measure of her man power and resources to assist you."

J. A. O. PREUS,
Governor of Minnesota.

St. Paul, Minnesota, August 12, 1922.

GOVERNOR BLAINE'S DESPATCH

At conference of Governors of Northwest States at St. Paul found that within less than three weeks there would be no coal in Northwest. Our climate is severe in winter. The very life of people at stake, and industries without coal must close, bringing distress to millions and more people. No greater crisis ever existed, and resumption in mining and rapid transportation is the immediate need of the hour to save the people. Government is instituted to promote and protect life and general welfare. This brief statement of the situation constitutes sufficient ground to justify Government operation of mines and coal carriers during emergency.

JOHN J. BLAINE,
Governor of Wisconsin.

Madison, Wisconsin, August 11, 1922.

TELEGRAM FROM GOVERNOR NESTOS

Statements of the press that the Governors' meeting in St. Paul advised the Government seizure of railroads and mines is stronger than warranted by the contents of the telegram sent the President. Governors were convinced that great distress would result unless a supply of coal was furnished the Northwest without delay. It seemed that the only source from which such coal could be secured soon was the non-union field of Kentucky and West Virginia, and the information at hand indicated that the railroad service between that field and the lake ports

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had failed to function adequately or as expected. Statements in the press had already indicated a disposition on the part of the President to seize either the mines or the needed transportation systems if no other way could be found for solving the present problem and bringing the requisite fuel to our people. Believing that the President intended to use all proper means to secure a settlement of the strike and that the Fuel Administration would do everything in its power to get adequate coal shipments to the lake ports, we hoped that the problem could be solved under private ownership and operation of these mines and roads, but we desired to assure the President that if this should fail and if, in his judgment, it should become necessary for the preservation of the health and life of our people to seize either the coal-loading carriers or certain mines, we and the people we represented stood ready to support the President in such steps as he might find it necessary to take in order to meet this great emergency.

R. A. NESTOS,
Governor of North Dakota.

Bismarck, North Dakota, August 12, 1922.

GENERAL OPINION

In addition to telegraphing the five Northwest Governors we sent the following despatch to a list of men of public position and influence, representing various shades of public opinion—conservative and radical, capitalistic and laborite, urban and rural:

> Inspired despatches from Washington intimate that the Government may be reluctantly forced to take over and operate the coal mines and railroads. Public opinion needs guidance in this crisis. Should the Government in the present exigency seize these public utilities? A telegraphic answer between twenty and two hundred words, night press rate collect, will greatly oblige The Outlook.

New York, August 11, 1922.

We present here some thought-provoking telegrams received in reply to our question:

A LAST RESORT

George Kennan, the distinguished explorer of Russia and Siberia, who some years ago, as Special Correspondent of The Outlook, exposed the corruption and put an end to the political career of Senator Addicks in Delaware, and whose recently published life of E. H. Harriman is a monumental contribution to the history of American railway transportation, believes that Government operation of mines and railways would be a calamity, but may be forced upon the country by the present crisis.

> Under normal conditions Government operation of railroads or mines is inefficient, wasteful, and politically inexpedient. As temporary emergency measure public safety may require it. In that case, strikers who refuse to accept decisions of Labor Board should be made the first sufferers from shortage of coal and transportation. Miners who will not produce coal should be the last to get it, and shopmen who will not repair locomotives and cars should be the last to receive necessities of life carried by rail. A single fruit grower of Medina will lose $10,000 this year through lack of cars to move his peach crop. Why should strikers eat peaches or potatoes when they will not repair cars to carry them? Society has a supreme right to protect itself by withholding fuel and transportation from miners and shopmen who will neither work nor arbitrate. Executives should not be forced to break promises made to faithful employees, but if Government takes control of course it may favor strikers at expense of loyal workers by *force majeure* and at its own risk. Government operation of public utilities, even temporarily, is only the lesser of two calamitous evils.

GEORGE KENNAN.

Medina, New York, August 11, 1922.

THE FARMERS' ATTITUDE

Two significant telegrams, one from Illinois and one from Vermont, indicate what we believe to be a general truth, that the American farmer is of a conservative temperament, and is reluctant to take any pronounced and sudden step towards the alteration of established American institutions or customs:

> Railway Labor Board was organized as arbiter between employer and employee where serious disputes arise. It would be much better for the Government to insist upon obedience to its findings on the part of both roads and labor than to attempt to take over operation of lines, strengthening the authority of the Labor Board by amendments to law, if necessary. A similar impartially constituted arbitration of the coal situation should be demanded. When any party in any controversy refuses fair arbitration, it indicates a selfish and unfair disposition. The tendency of all people to lightly regard and disobey the law is deplorable. The Farmers of America insist upon a strict enforcement of State and Federal statutes, amending the same wherever they are unjust to any class.

J. R. HOWARD,
President American Farm Bureau.

Chicago, Illinois, August 11, 1922.

> Am not in close enough touch with situation so that I can advise whether Government should take over and operate the coal mines or railroads. Will support Government in what-

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THE COAL STRIKE

PROMINENT LABOR LEADERS AND LEGISLATORS IN A VOLUNTARY CONFERENCE ABOUT THE COAL SITUATION IN THE OFFICE OF SENATOR BORAH AT WASHINGTON

From left to right, the members of the group are seated as follows: Samuel Gompers, born in England, of Jewish ancestry, cigarmaker by trade, one of the great trade-union leaders of the world, President of the American Federation of Labor, generally called the "A. F. L.;" Edgar Wallace, legislative expert of the A. F. L.; Frank Morrison, a printer by trade and Secretary of the A. F. L.; Senator David I. Walsh, Democratic Senator from Massachusetts, a lawyer and banker, of Irish ancestry, graduate of Holy Cross College, honorary LL.D. of several Catholic universities, and one-time Governor of his State; Senator William E. Borah, lawyer, Republican, born in Illinois, educated at the University of Kansas, serving his third term as Senator from Idaho and one of the ablest and most distinguished personalities in the Senate; Senator William H. King, lawyer, born in Utah, educated at Brigham Young Academy and University of Utah, legal education at University of Michigan, Mormon of the progressive type, Democrat, now serving his first term in the Senate, where his seat is said to be somewhat precarious because of contentions within his party in Utah

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ever action it takes. Farmers have taken their deflation without strikes or other disturbance. Operators, manufacturers, and laborers should do the same. I believe in President Harding's proposal that a code should be drawn up covering principles which should govern decision in all labor disputes. E. B. CORNWALL,
President Vermont Farm Bureau Federation.
Burlington, Vermont, August 12, 1922.

The attitude of the American farmer interpreted by Messrs. Howard and Cornwall is confirmed by Mr. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture. At a recent convention of Virginia farmers he said:

While making efforts to avoid heavy losses, the farmers have not struck. They have not created disorders. They have kept on producing and in the face of extraordinarily low prices have this year grown one of the largest crops in our entire history. The farmer is disgusted with recurring disputes between capital and labor. He is willing to produce food without interruption and has a right to demand that coal be mined continuously and that trains be kept moving. He calls upon capital and labor to cease their petty bickerings and resume production, trusting to American institutions and American sense of fair play to see that justice is done to both.

TWO MANUFACTURING VIEWPOINTS

Mr. Roy D. Chapin, President of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, agrees with Mr. Kennan that the seizure of mines and railroads by the Government should be avoided if possible:

Earnestly hope it will not be necessary for the Government to take over coal mines and railroads. Government operation destroys private initiative, which has contributed so greatly to the development of this country. ROY D. CHAPIN.
Detroit, Michigan, August 11, 1922.

On the other hand, Mr. Arthur L. Garford, a widely known manufacturer with large interests in Ohio, thinks that the Government has parleyed long enough and should now exert its authority and control. Mr. Garford was candidate for Governor of Ohio on the Progressive party ticket in 1912.

The issue involved in the coal and railroad strikes is rapidly passing beyond the stage of parleyings and bargainings between operators and labor unions. On the part of both it is assuming the nature of an open challenge to the authority and power of Government. When any class, group, or organization sets itself up to function in the Government's stead and undertakes to deprive any citizen of his Constitutional rights or prevent the normal flow of business it is indeed high time that the inherent power of the people through their chosen representatives at Washington be made manifest and that such instrumentalities of Government be employed as shall promote and safeguard the interests and welfare of the general public. A. L. GARFORD.
Elyria, Ohio, August 11, 1922.

MR. GOMPERS'S REPLY

It is sometimes said that both the coal and railway trade unions are secretly or cunningly prolonging the strikes in order to force Government ownership and operation upon the country, in the belief that a solid labor vote can then control all industry. Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, does not take this view of the question. He has always consistently stood for private initiative and private profit in industry. We could wish that he were always as outspoken against violence and intimidation on the part of strikers. He wires The Outlook as follows:

There is no need for Government to seize either mines or railroads. Government interference already bears the responsibility for delayed settlement of the railroad strike, while the coal strike has fared no better because of Governmental maneuvers. The road to settlement lies in agreement between the employers and the workers in both industries. For the Government to take over either industry would be a purely unnecessary move, leading to no permanent solution, but leaving road open for a repetition of present difficulties. Whatever settlement is reached, it must be by agreement, for workers can never accept as permanent any terms or conditions to which they cannot give full agreement. Any method implying compulsory enforcement of terms is doomed to fail. The workers in both industries are, and have been, eager to confer and agree upon terms, and employers can at any moment go into conference and negotiate for full resumption of operations.
SAMUEL GOMPERS.
Washington, D. C., August 11, 1922.

SENATOR LENROOT ADVISES TEMPORARY GOVERNMENT OPERATION

Senator Borah, of Idaho, courteously telegraphs declining to express his views, on account of "the delicacy of the situation." Senator Lenroot, of Wisconsin, feels no such reluctance. We think Senator Lenroot is right. What is needed in a shipwreck or a fire is, not delicacy, but vigor and decision. It is not a question of hurting feelings but of saving lives that now confronts the country:

Unless coal strike and railroad strike is immediately settled I believe Government should take over sufficient coal mines to make up shortage, paying to miners old scale of wages pending investigation and determination of an impartial commission appointed by President. Believe Government should take over coal-carrying railroads to insure full and efficient operation. Government operation of both mines and railroads to be temporary, only until their difficulties adjusted. I. L. LENROOT.
Washington, D. C., August 11, 1922.

THE MIDDLE WEST

A lively controversy was stirred up three weeks ago in the Mississippi region by William Allen White's expression of sympathy with the striking miners and railway workers. How rapidly the railway men have lost public support is indicated by the most recent utterance of the distinguished editor of the Emporia, Kansas, "Gazette." In an editorial in his paper Mr. White says:

Leaving helpless people at Needles and Seligman on the desert in midsummer, without food or shelter save the little mite that the wayside towns provided, was cruel and cowardly. Such an act arouses the sense of fair play in American people at a time when only public sentiment can keep organized labor from a crushing defeat.

Why, in heaven's name, those fool trainmen who deserted their trains did not know that they were taking bread out of the mouths of hundreds of thousands of laborers who have honestly earned it is too much for the average man to understand. Union labor is having a fight for its very existence. This shopmen's strike was ill-timed, because public sentiment was not ready for it. But the shopmen, by their decent conduct, were swinging public sentiment to them, when bang! comes this action of the trainmen, and the public, which does not discriminate, swings back to the railroad owners. It is pitiful beyond words. Yet things are what they are and not what they should be.

The men who left those people to swelter and suffer out there on the desert were of course cowardly and ruthless. But cowardice and cruelty may be forgiven. However, such shameless, blatant folly, such harebrained, lame-witted stupidity never will be forgiven.

If the men wanted to abandon their trains in Los Angeles or in San Bernardino, that was their royal privilege. But to take a thousand or two people who had done these trainmen no wrong to get even with employers 2,000 miles away was wicked and foolish beyond words, and the sad part of it is that the folly will be paid for in hundreds of thousands of workingmen's homes who are as blameless as the people marooned in the sand.

Why, in the name of all that is good and holy, can't labor get a little sense in fighting its battles?

These lines are written by one who believes in union labor, who is willing to fight, bleed, and die for union labor, but who would like to see labor use common sense, so that what it gains in one step is not lost in the next.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST

At our request, Mr. Sherman Rogers, Industrial Correspondent of The Outlook, who is now returning from a trip of

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industrial and political investigation in Alaska, wires the following summary of Pacific Coast sentiment:

> The shippers and business men of the coast section of the Northwest are keenly disappointed over the failure of the Administration to bring peace to the railroad situation. I have talked to many of the principal shippers and manufacturers and bankers of this section, and find that there is not the slightest sentiment for Government ownership of either coal mines or railroads. I did not find a single business man but what expressed in vigorous terms his approval of the railroads refusing to waive question of seniority rights after the rail officials had solemnly promised men permanent jobs. The business men do not feel that the strike is against rail heads, but purely a strike against a Government tribunal, and many have told me that they are willing to lose all they have in upholding a principle rather than purchase peace at a price of unconditional surrender of business honor and public justice. Some business men express a desire for emergency Government control, but if drastic action becomes necessary the Government should specifically announce that Government control would cease immediately on termination of emergency. I have talked to scores of workingmen, and find that a majority are strongly against Government ownership of mines or railroads, but, without question, a majority of workers of all descriptions, both office and industrial, want the Government to temporarily take over both coal and railways to prevent the hardships that will follow in the wake of continued inactivity. One thing is certain, all factions here will welcome any vigorous action of the Government that will guarantee a fair arbitration of all questions involved. The principal criticism I have heard in this section is directed against the Administration for lack of decisive action. This criticism is well distributed among all ranks. A majority of both business men and workers believe that the Labor Board cut too drastically, but business men point out that railroad heads paid increases when men got the wage raises and that labor should respect the Board's decision or appeal against their decision directly to the President for readjustment. Boiled down, sentiment here is that, while business and professional men are solidly against Government ownership of mines and rails, and a strong faction desire hands off be the cost what it may, a majority favor temporary Government operation if tie-up continues.
>
> SHERMAN ROGERS.
>
> Seattle, Washington, August 14, 1922.

The Outlook's views are set forth in an editorial on another page.

SERVING THE NATION WITH COAL

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

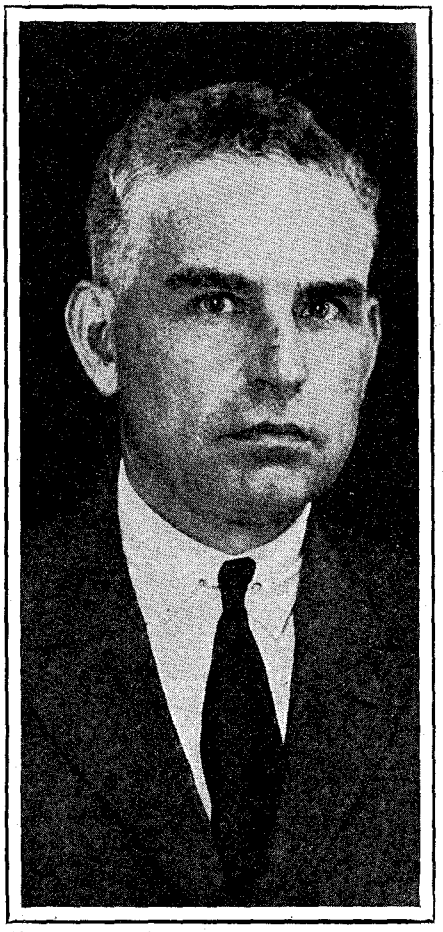
BY HENRY L. SWEINHART

"ECONOMIZE and use substitutes!" Thus succinctly did Henry B. Spencer, recently appointed Federal Fuel Distributer, summarize what the people of the United States should do to eke out the coal supply which will be available for the needs of the Nation this winter, even with the strikers all back at work long before the snow flies.

There will be no coal to waste, even with all the mines in the country once more in full operation. No random distribution can be permitted if public utilities, homes, and industries throughout the length and breadth of the land are to be assured their necessary supply.

This epitomizes the point of view of the man who has been placed in administrative charge of the work of rationing coal for the Nation. He knows much of the meaning, as well as the practical side of coal distribution, because he was connected with the Fuel Administration office during the war. Furthermore, as a former vice-president of the Southern Railway Mr. Spencer gained much valuable experience for the emergency service work to which he has now been called by President Harding.

Seated in his small office in a former Washington apartment-house (commandeered by the Government during the war), surrounded by a comparatively small working force, Mr. Spencer keeps his hand on the coal nerve centers of the country, issuing or approving orders to distribute coal equably to all sections and localities of the United States. The Federal Fuel Distributer is like the commanding general at army headquarters; and assisting him in the field are a number of district committees who are on the ground in the various coal-producing areas. In addition, there are the Governors' committees, whose purpose is to co-operate by furnishing statements of the coal needs of their respective States and by preventing profiteering and extortion in the sale and distribution of coal within their States.



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HENRY B. SPENCER, FEDERAL COAL ADMINISTRATOR

Mr. Spencer was formerly Vice-President of the Southern Railway and Federal Purchasing Agent for the war-time Railway Administration

After the coal strike had reached a point where it was seen it would be necessary to resort to emergency measures in order to secure equitable allotment of available supplies, the machinery for carrying out this programme was quickly put into operation. The President's Fuel Distribution Committee was named, with Secretary Hoover as Chairman; and with Attorney-General Daugherty, Secretary of the Interior Fall, Commissioner Aitchison, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and Mr. Spencer as members. The last named was appointed as administrative head to carry out the policies of the general Committee. On each of the district committees are a United States Navy officer, representing the Federal Fuel Distributer, a representative of the railway, and representatives of the coal companies operating in that territory. Stationed at each of the same points also is a service agent of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, whose object is to see to it that cars are allocated as needed in that particular district.

Under priority orders issued by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the needs of the Nation are to be taken care of on the basis of their essential importance. In general, these provide coal distribution in the following order: public utilities and institutions, household use, industries which manufacture

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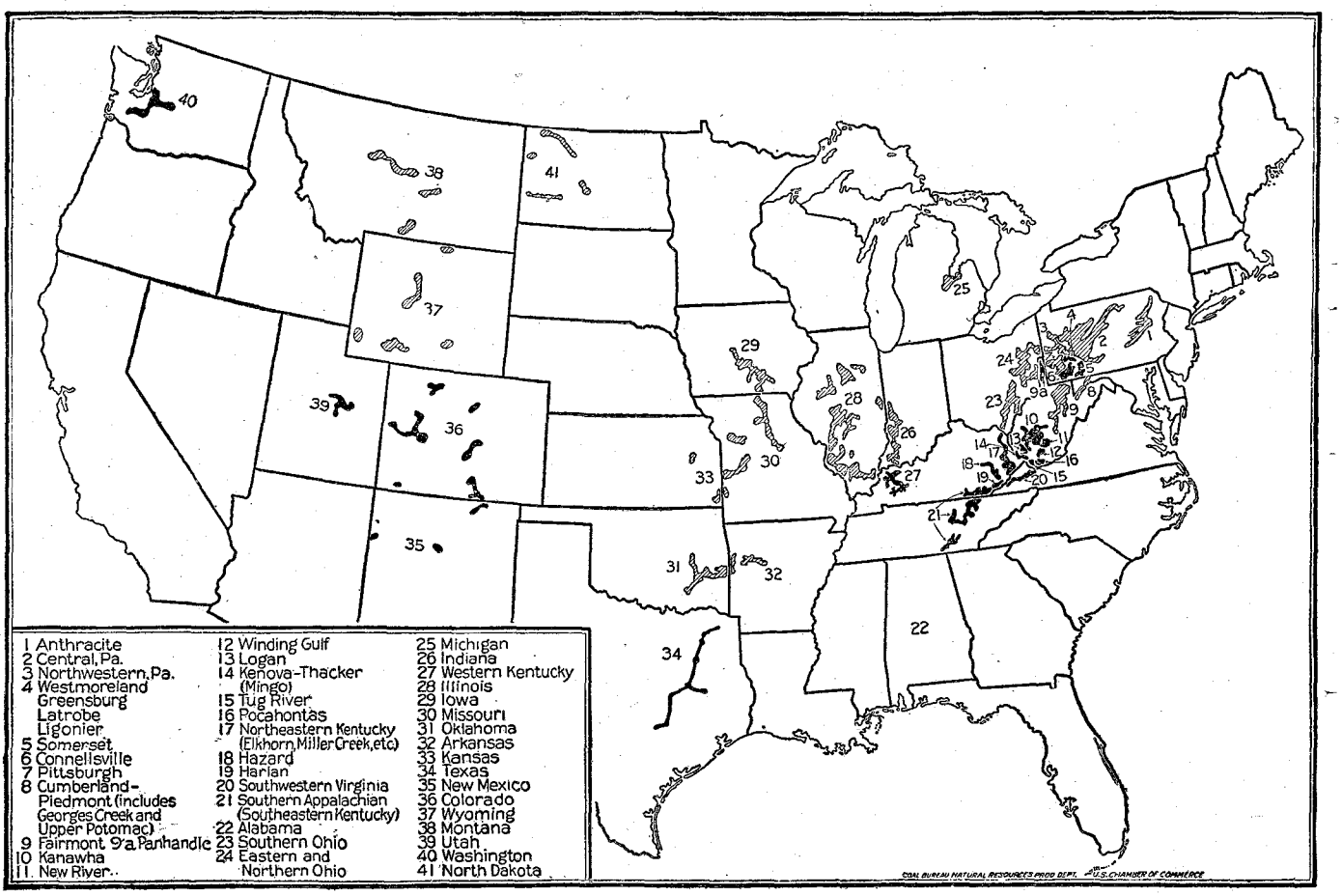


COAL FIELDS OF THE UNITED STATES

Black areas represent fields now working and producing the bulk of the coal being mined; shaded areas represent strongly unionized fields where operations have practically stopped

public necessities, and, lastly, other industries. A special class, which may take precedence of all others, is left open "for such special purposes as may from time to time be specially designated." This will allow immediate attention to be given to any urgent demand that arises. The Northwestern States also, which must be taken care of early, while navigation on the Great Lakes is still open, are being given special attention, and an allotment of 250,000 tons a week is being shipped to that section of the country.

The Nation having gone through a coal strike of such long duration, careful distribution and proper conservation will be necessary for some time after the mines are producing their normal supply. How long a period would be required for this complete readjustment of industrial and household needs Mr. Spencer was not willing to predict when interviewed on this question. After the coal strike which occurred in 1919 only a few weeks were required after the miners had gone back to work to effect a situation where distribution once more took care of itself without any Governmental regulation. Conditions are different now, however, from what they were at that time, Mr. Spencer pointed out, and a considerably longer time may be required to restore the difference between supply and demand to a normal balance.

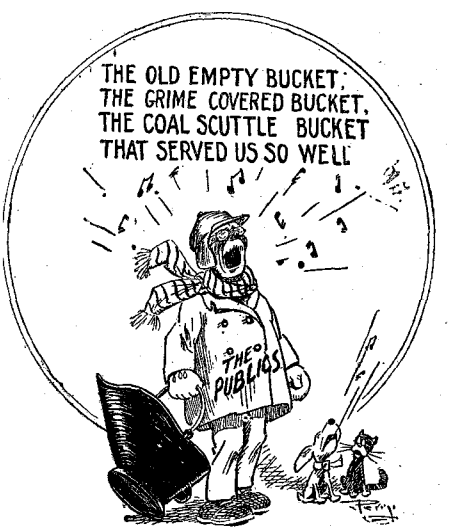
In any event, he added, as far as the householders of the Nation are concerned, they should continue to go light on their coal supply throughout the early part of the winter, at any rate; and perhaps such wise economy may be necessary for a longer period, this depending on how fast the hard-coal supply can be put on the market and delivered after it is coming from the mines in normal amount.

Furthermore, substitutes for anthracite may have to be used, especially in the early days of the winter. For this purpose coke, wood, and some of the better grades of bituminous should be available; and what hard coal the thrifty householder has in his cellar can be mixed with pea coal and some other of the smaller and cheaper grades which are not usually bought for domestic use. In this way the hard-coal supply will be brought back sooner to a normal surplus on hand.

In order that there may be a goodly supply of coke on hand—and this is the best substitute for hard coal—the industries of the country which secure large quantities of coke as a by-product of their manufacturing processes have been asked by the Federal Fuel Distributer to conserve this coke for domestic uses, instead of selling it, as they have in the past, to various metallurgical industries.

The supply of anthracite coal mined during the first seven months of the present year was only 22,800,000 tons, according to the official figures of the United States Geological Survey. This, compared with 54,500,000 in the corresponding period of last year, shows a decrease of almost 33,000,000 tons. The production of anthracite in July was only 116,000 tons, as against 7,308,000 tons in July, 1921. The quantity at the storage yards of the producers the first of the present month was small, and decreasing. These supplies, it was said, were mostly pea coal, all the larger

Perry in the Portland Oregonian



YOU MAY GET THIS TOUCHING MELODY OVER YOUR RADIO NEXT WINTER

From Mrs. A. B. Wilson, Yakima, Wash.

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sizes of anthracite being practically exhausted.

The nineteenth week of the strike, ending August 12, showed a production of 4,800,000 tons of bituminous coal, an increase of 500,000 tons over the previous week, although it was only two-thirds of normal, the production in the corresponding week last year having been 7,771,000 tons. The bituminous production to date is 27,000,000 tons below what it was up to this time last year.

In the industrial field of fuel consumption, Federal Fuel Distributer Spencer does not think there should be any economizing which would interfere with the prompt restoration of business. Priority orders, of necessity, have limited certain industries; but it is his opinion that they should not be held back a minute longer than necessary, and that they should be given supplies of coal with which to steam ahead again as soon as there is no danger that the public utilities, household needs, and essential industries will suffer from shortage. It should not take the bituminous as long to catch up on its normal surplus as it will take the anthracite; therefore Mr. Spencer warns the American home coal consumer to economize and use some substitutes, or mix his hard coal, even after his dealer is able to supply him; for the winter supply of anthracite may be a sort of month-to-month proposition. "Keep the home fires burning"—but not too high at first.

THE ITALIAN MUSS

DISORDERLY VIOLENCE IN THE NAME OF LAW AND ORDER—THE WARNING TO THE REST OF THE WORLD—STERN ADHERENCE TO A TRUISM

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ITALY

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

IN traveling about Italy, as I have been doing for the past fortnight, I have seen no evidences of disorder. Yet they have existed. They have even provoked a Cabinet crisis—the brutal turning out of an excellent Ministry by the very forces that created it through their impulsive vote of "no confidence" in the Chamber of Deputies of the Italian Parliament. Such summary treatment has hardly had its parallel in the history of that Parliament.

Italy just now is an object-lesson to the rest of the world, and especially to other countries with similar conditions, dangers, and weaknesses.

Among other political forces in Italy, two in particular have for some time been struggling for mastery. One of these forces is Socialism. The other is "Fascismo"—from the old Roman "*fasces*," the emblem of law and order.

Socialism in Italy has been too much known, particularly abroad, by its extremes of anarchy, Bolshevism, and Communism; and "Fascismo," by its very opposite extremes of brutal revenge for Socialistic excesses. They created the inevitable reaction, which took upon itself the rough-and-ready enforcement of law and order whenever the Fascisti deemed the Government too weak to make "the punishment fit the crime."

The difficulty with these self-constituted guardians of the law, however, has been that their revengefully savage impulses have run away with them. For instance, in to-day's paper I read the following:

> At Brandizzo the Fascisti, thirsting to avenge the assassination of one of their number by Communists, wrecked the Communist Club and the Bureau of Labor, burned their furniture and archives.
>
> At Ravenna the Fascisti invaded the building of the Socialist Federation, wrecked it, and then burned it to the ground.
>
> At Zanco the Fascisti, wanting to avenge the murder of the secretary of their local group, killed the Communist Boario, a member of the Provincial Council.
>
> At Rimini some Fascisti were seen to stop in front of the house of two Anarchists, who were later found murdered.
>
> At Ferrara seven persons were killed, and at Ravenna nine, in conflicts between Socialists and Fascisti.
>
> The Government has ordered the prefects of these regions to deport all non-residents and has concentrated the police and the troops wherever necessary.

Because of insufficiently timely concentration three Ministries have fallen recently—those under Signori Giolitti, Bonomi, and Facta. It has been extraordinarily difficult, of course, not to say impossible, for any Government to keep its police and troops "centered," for no one knows when and where trouble will break out next.

The Socialist situation was bad enough, in all conscience. The situation with the Fascisti, however, is worse, because it means persecution and illegality by those who ought to know better. They have produced a condition dangerous both to individual liberty and to state authority.

The Fascisti now number hundreds of thousands of members. They are fairly well disciplined and armed and are ready for any necessary violence. They have also their sympathizers, and even their co-workers, in police and army ranks. A member of Parliament said the other day: "Look at those *carabinieri* who are on guard in this Chamber of Deputies. Search their pockets, and you will find, I will wager, that half of those men are carrying Fascismo membership cards."

Now no Government can view without alarm such an organization.

After the Facta Cabinet resigned, the Fascisti offered to collaborate in the formation of a new Ministry. This was embarrassing. Must the new Government thus formally recognize the illegal and revengeful Fascismo? Yet if it did not it would have the immediate enmity of the Fascist forces, and their particular revenge on Government officials would doubtless mean civil war.

An insurrection from self-constituted supporters of law and order might be worse for Italy than was the attempted insurrection last year of Anarchists and Bolshevists.

The situation, bad enough, has now been complicated by the action of the Popolari, or Catholic, party. It announces that it will support no Cabinet which contains a Conservative member. But the only really possible Cabinet to-day in Italy is a Coalition Cabinet. It must be of course, while representing as many political groups as possible, a Ministry of concentration, a Ministry sternly approving the Constitution, a Ministry superior to the temporary passions of party. Only such a Ministry can meet present conditions and restore order, not in the name or for the sake of any particular party, but in the name and for the sake of Italy as a whole.

Turin, Italy, July 24, 1922.

A HALF HOUR WITH THE KING OF ITALY

Though much has happened in Italy since the accompanying correspondence was written in Turin, and though reports from certain parts of Italy have pictured local conditions here and there as resembling civil war, the Italian situation is now, and probably will continue for some time to be, essentially as Mr. Baldwin has described it.

Next week we shall print Mr. Baldwin's account of his audience with Victor Emmanuel III, of whom it has been said that if Italy were to become a republic he would be the most popular candidate for President. —THE EDITORS.

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YOKOHAMA'S CRISSCROSS CELEBRATIONS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY EMMA H. GUNTHER

Photograph by Emma H. Gunther

AS THE DENBY PARTY ARRIVED, THE RICKSHA MEN STOOD AWED

Some weeks ago we reported the invitation of Admiral Uriu, of Japan, to Secretary Denby, of the Navy Department, and the surviving members of the class of '81 at the Naval Academy at Annapolis to go to Japan to celebrate the fortieth reunion of their graduation. Admiral Uriu was himself a graduate and a classmate at Annapolis. The reunion almost exactly coincided with the anniversary of the visit of Admiral Perry to Japan in 1853, and did exactly coincide with the celebration of the effect of that visit —the opening of Japan, on July 4, 1859, to communication with the United States and ultimately with the rest of the world. Secretary Denby's party sailed on the transport Henderson. At the time we expressed the opinion that this trip might have been made on one of the finest battleships of the United States, with flags flying and bands playing, because nothing could do more to promote international friendship with Nippon than such a visit. The accompanying correspondence, which comes to us from a contributor who wrote it on board a transpacific liner returning from Japan, gives a little pen picture of the effect of this visit upon the "plain people"—to use Lincoln's fine phrase—of Japan.

THE EDITORS.

Photograph by Emma H. Gunther

JAPANESE WOMEN IN A SHELTERED PLACE ON THE DOCK

JULY FIRST.

Here in Yokohama! A festive time it is, for streets are vivid in their decorations, tall columns like red-and-white-striped barber poles supporting bright lanterns, the whole festooned with bunches of red and white flowers. But ought we be shouting with Yokohama or cheering for U. S. A.?

We ask our ricksha boy what the drums are beating about, what the firecrackers are shooting for? We of course are thinking of Secretary Denby's party coming next day and of the Fourth of July on its way. He answers with a quizzical look: "Yokohama ha'bor! Sitty-forth [sixty-fourth] year!" And then it dawns on us that a huge celebration lasting three days is planned for the anniversary of the opening of their harbor—July 1, 2, 3. Three days, and with Japan joining America on the Fourth, what a quartet of celebrations it will be!

The orchestra's programme starts with "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" Field-glasses tell us that the gunboat of the Asiatic fleet, with Admiral Strauss, is arriving. He has come to greet the Denby party to-morrow; the big "211" is on time from Shanghai!

Now fireworks shoot out from Yokohama Park; street bands are playing; lights are signaling from the top of our "211;" the first day's celebration and the "sitty-forth" are on!

July Second.

Firecrackers usher in the day. To be sure, they are really for the "sitty-forth," but timely for the U. S. A. At eleven o'clock we discover airplanes swooping up and down, round about a ship in the distance. Several busy little Japanese destroyers are scurrying back and forth in front of that ship as if bowing their welcome. It is the Henderson, for now she appears in full sight, cannon are fired, and the United States transport carrying Secretary Denby and party is stationed in the bay. Launches steam up, carrying the welcoming advance guard of Japanese officials. We on the shore are busy speculating as to who's who and what's next.

"She's nosing to the pier now," cries a small American boy near. Rickshas take us down to the pier, and we are of the welcoming crowd. Japanese mothers and babies have come—in fact, whole families. Ricksha men in large groups stand awed—"This special group from America, *this* can be no ordinary landing," they seem to say. The transport is docked; Japanese officials on board; Secretary Denby and his party of about seventy are now really the guests of Japan. What are those tanned United States sailor lads thinking, I wonder, as they peer out, their faces framed by the portholes of that ship?

Later, colored lanterns twinkle like so many fireflies along the bank; kimonos festive for celebrations look as gay as flowers in an old-fashioned garden; rockets are bursting; thrills for Japan—for the United States.

July Third.

There's a feel in the air of the approaching Fourth. Every little shopkeeper seems to have American flags of his own. He sticks them in a large Japanese jar in the doorway. Venders appear on the street; one carries a huge round tray on his head, a circular ruche, as it were, of small flags, and announces his coming by a loud gong. Hokey-pokey men are adopting red, white, and blue dingle-dangles on their carts.

Our hotel is the center for dinner and fireworks, so workmen are unfolding huge rolls of bunting and winding it about the broad pillars, while others are draping large American flags over the doorways. A bright illuminated shield of colored lights greets every incoming guest. American Stars and Stripes, coupled each time with Japanese flags, are bobbing over every chandelier, while in every basket of flowers on the tables American flags are standing up as pertly as if they, too, were growing in their own soil.

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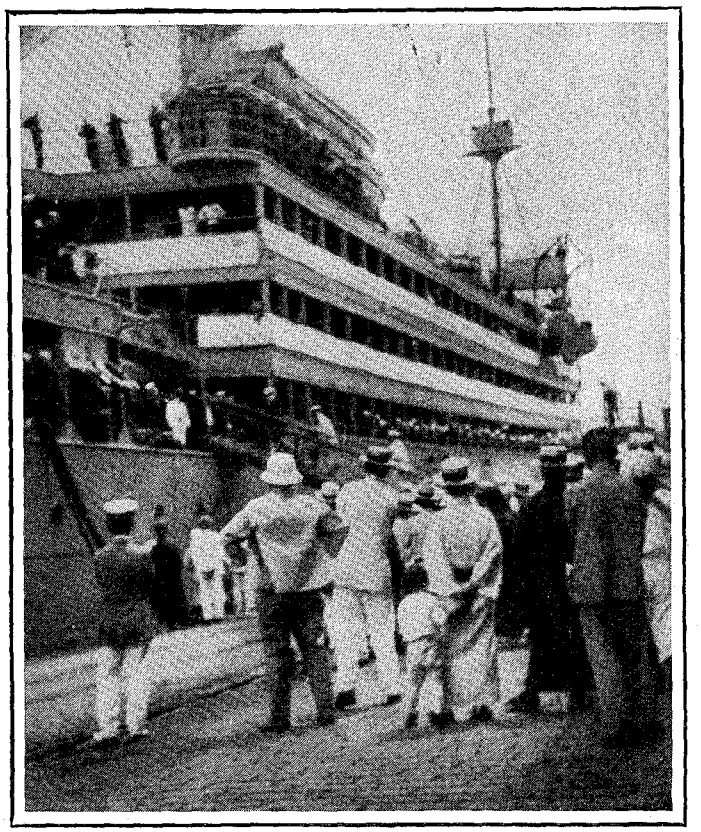
A Japanese wedding party claims our decorated rooms for the afternoon. The bride appears in one gorgeous kimono, now changes for others, as is the custom. The groups move about, a mass of harmonized colors. Old Glory looks on.

Towards evening the smell of firecrackers is in the air; ships in the harbor are getting their streamers of flags ready to hoist next day; the French Consulate opposite is stringing red, white, and blue lights; a little Japanese lad goes by playing on his coveted mouth-organ—it is "Yankee Doodle."

July Fourth.

Instead, it is raining! It pours! It is Japan's Nubyai season in earnest. By noon notices appear: "No fireworks to-night." It takes ten hours of work to put up construction for set pieces in the water. The American boys in the hotel grunt their disappointment.

Seven hundred or more for dinner, and ten yen (five dollars) a plate. Cancellations are bound to come, for what is a dinner without fireworks afterward, even if the menu has such a distinct American flavor as to include New England turkey with Cape Cod cranberries, Maryland terrapin, Liberty ice-cream, and even Independence cakes?



OFFICIALS GOING ON BOARD THE HENDERSON

Photograph by Emma H. Gunther

July Sixth (is at last Fourth of July).

The first clear night has come. Literally thousands of Japanese are collecting for this event. Now a launch gayly bedecked with rows of lanterns; a sampan gliding on with one elongated lantern for its pilot; a flat, broad scow with room for dozens of guests plods along as jolly as the rest. The bay is dotted with hundreds of seacraft all hung with brilliant lanterns, making myriads of lights, row upon row, a wonderful medley of color. Guests of America!

Programme is on—bombshells, colored fires, gold fishes, aluminum bombshells, golden rain of fire, star mines, and finishing with the Capitol at Washington and the Tree of Liberty. But wait—here's the finale!

On the banks the kimono procession moves homeward, a solid mass of humanity guided by Japanese lanterns held high on rods in the hands of white-uniformed policemen. There they stand, a few feet apart, an illuminated dividing line between crowds moving north and south. Quiet, easily guided, superb in color effects!

Every boat begins to move back toward the canal; one by one they go, so solidly massed one wonders at the skill of the oarsmen. They glide on, satisfied, happy!

It has been exactly thirty minutes. The crowd has dispersed; the last launch is slowly winding its way up the canal, the strains of music on board trailing on; the framework of all the fireworks down and carried away; the chief sends word to his forty policemen who have served in the vicinity, and they stand in two lines beneath our window; he thanks them for their service, they salute him; he returns the salute, and off they march, the lanterns going out one by one.

CHILDREN

IN THE DARK

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

(THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH OF FRANCE ON ALL SOULS' EVE EVERY GRAVE IS MARKED BY A LIGHTED LANTERN)

THE hillside graveyard all the night
Rocks with a flickering sheen of light,
Because the living people grace
With candles every resting-place.

I wonder if the weary men
That lie there waken up again
And grumble, on their couches deep,
Because the light disturbs their sleep,
Thinking, for just a moment, they
Must work through yet another day.

I wonder if the women there,
With dust of lilies in their hair,
Keep tight their lids against the gleam,
Lest it should drive away their dream.

But I am sure that there are those
To whom the lantern-candle glows
With all the gladness of a rose:
The little children that are dead,
They feel they have been long abed;
The dear, dead children greet each spark
With smiles, for children dread the dark.

ON THE SCALES

BY RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

WHAT do you weigh? You are so small!
Eight little pounds at seven weeks?
Eight little pounds—and that is all—
Of waving arms and rosy cheeks.

But we who tip a heavier scale,
What do we weigh, then, as a whole?
What do our pounds of flesh avail
Against your unweighed soul?

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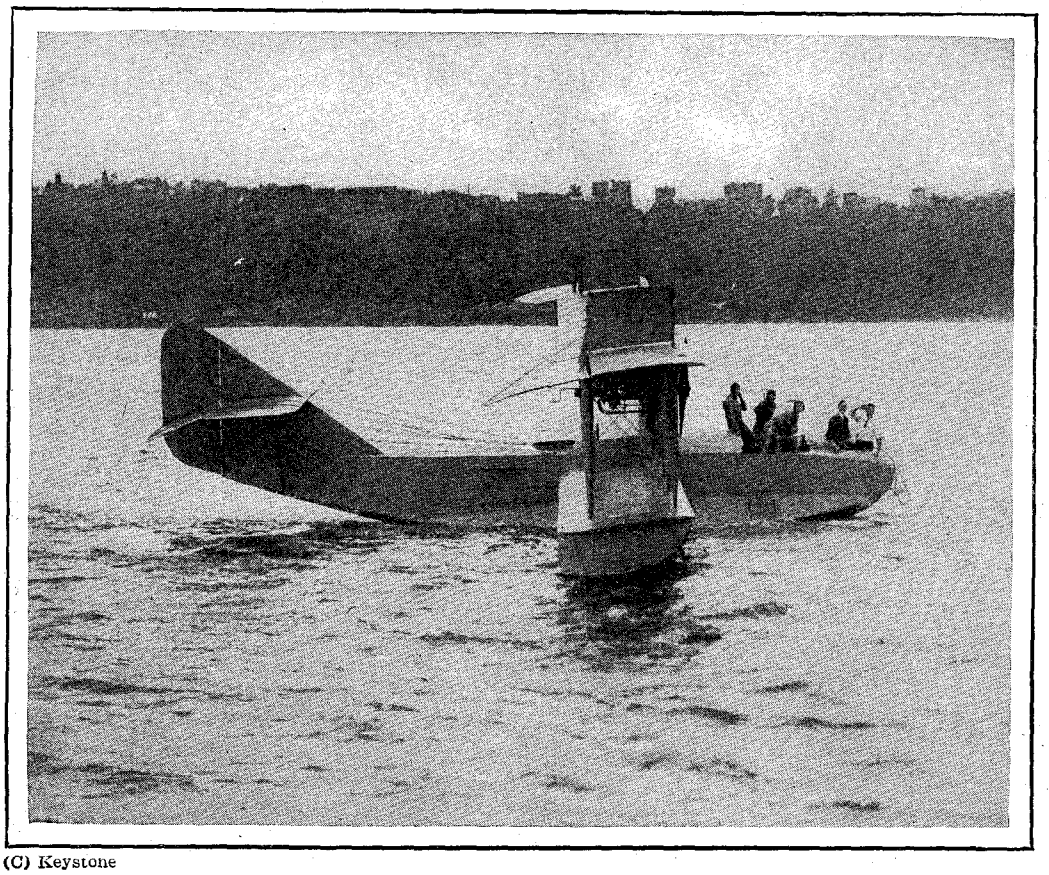
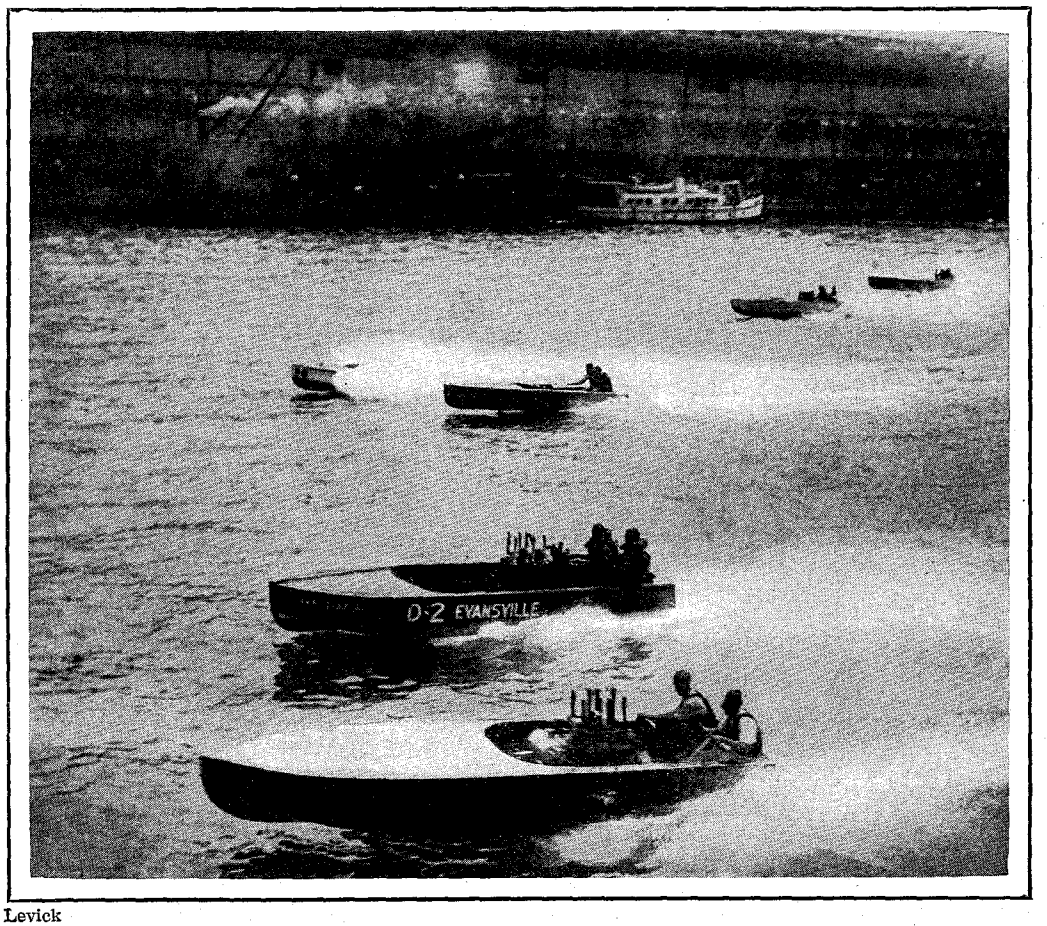
SPEED MACHINES: FOR AIR AND WATER



(C) Keystone

A FLYING BOAT THAT WILL ATTEMPT THE TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO BRAZIL

This flying boat, the Sampaio Correia, is seen here on its arrival in the Hudson River, New York, from Essington, Pennsylvania, where it was completely assembled. It is to carry a party of five to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to the Brazilian Centennial Exposition



Levick

A WOMAN WINS A MOTOR-BOAT RACE AT CHICAGO

Here is the start of a race in a power-boat contest held as one of the attractions of the Pageant of Progress at Chicago. Mrs. Ethel Hanley is at the wheel of the boat in the foreground. She won the race, covering a distance of five miles in the excellent time of 8 minutes 2 seconds

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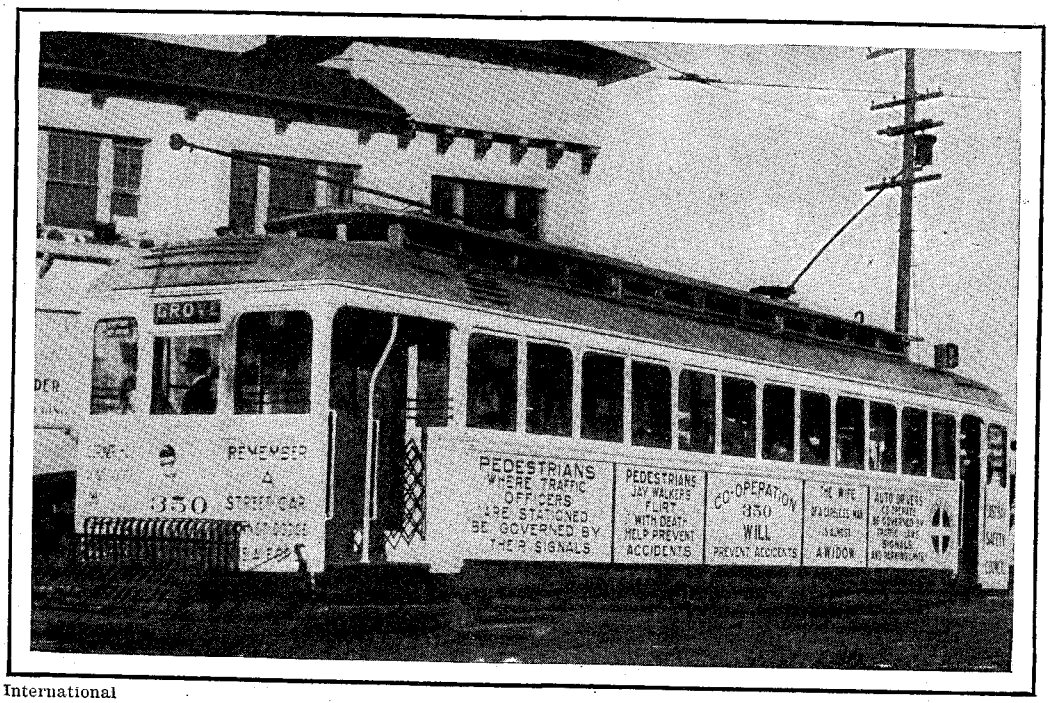
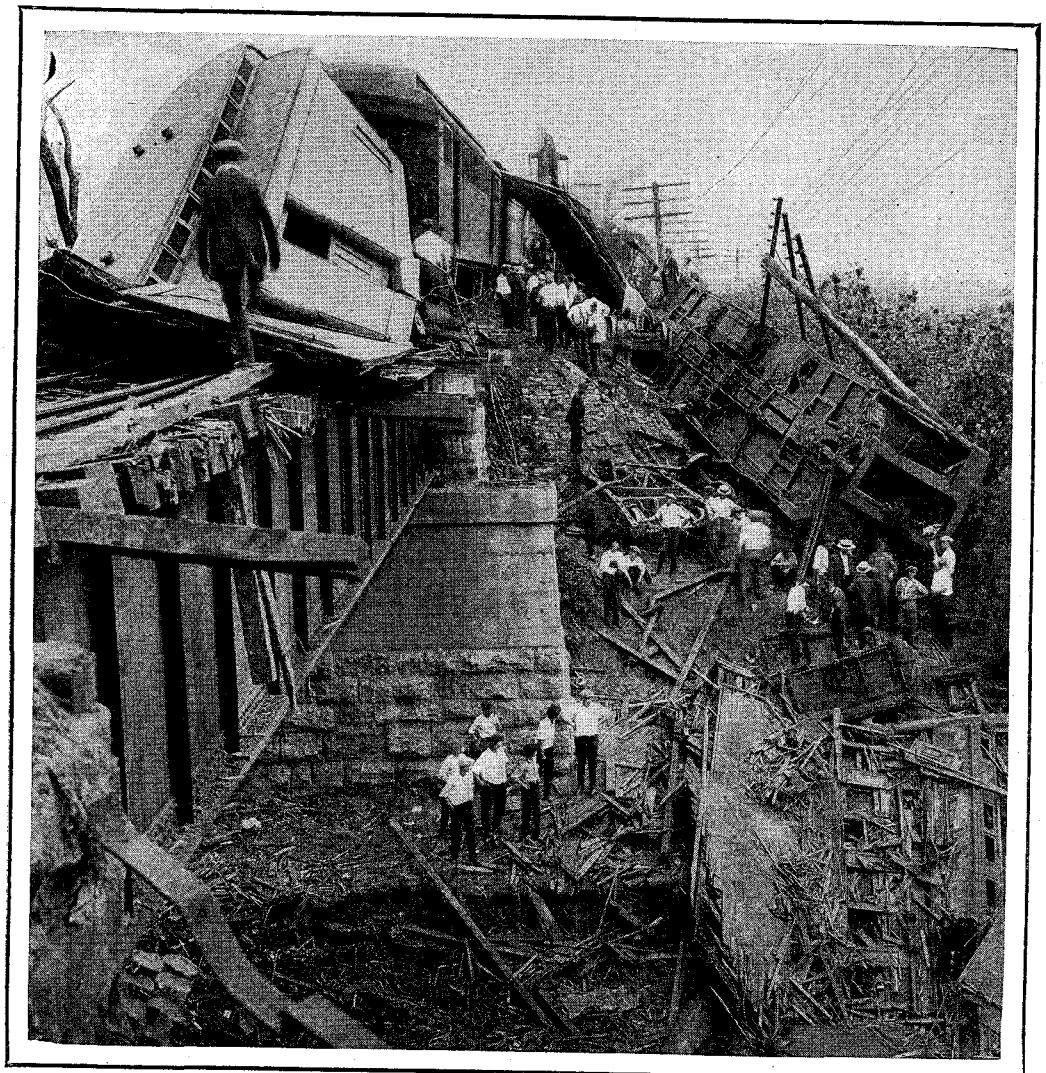
SAFETY FIRST: HONORED AND DISHONORED



International

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, TEACHES "SAFETY FIRST" ON HER TROLLEY LINES

The car shown in the photograph is in regular service on the city lines, and its warnings to pedestrians and automobile drivers are a notable feature of the city's traffic



International

A DISASTER AT SULPHUR SPRINGS, MISSOURI, THE RESULT OF A FAILURE TO OBSERVE THE PRINCIPLE "SAFETY FIRST"

More than thirty people were killed and scores injured when an all-steel-coach train, in charge of an engineer who is said to have ignored block signals, crashed into the rear of a train of wooden coaches. The smashed wooden cars are seen in the picture

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ENTER AUGUSTUS THOMAS

AN INTERVIEW

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

(C) Paul Thompson

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

A STUNNING *portrait* of Mr. Augustus Thomas adorns a "news pictorial" in the shop windows, while to the left Judge Landis is seen reigning over baseball and to the right Mr. Will H. Hays dominates the movies, and a caption below runs thus:

CZARS OF AMUSEMENT

Three Monarchs in a Republic are the Grand Rulers of Baseball, the Movies, and the Stage. Augustus Thomas, Famous Playwright, has Just Completed the Trio. The Producing Managers' Association have Appointed him Executive Chairman, which Makes him Supreme in his Field as Landis and Hays in Theirs.

But what said Augustus Thomas when I talked with him to-day at the office of the Producing Managers' Association in Forty-fifth Street, close to the Great White Way? This: "I am not a 'czar.' I am not a 'monarch.' I am not a 'grand ruler.' I am not 'supreme.' Judge Landis can take a man off the ball field; I can't take a man out of a theater. A newspaper headline calls me an 'arbiter of morals.' I am not. My function is merely to preside at meetings of our Executive Committee."

Well, well! We can't believe everything we see in the shop windows, it seems—or everything we hear in theatrical circles, either. Only last night a very brilliant writer and director of plays warned me: "Careful! Don't be *too optimistic.* This reputed get-good-quick scheme of the managers is in reality sheer camouflage. They pick out Thomas, with his unsullied reputation, give him $25,000 a year, pass him off as an 'overlord,' and say, virtuously, 'Behold the sublimated angel of light we've hired! Now all will be for the best—will it not?—in the best of all possible Broadways.' Meanwhile they intend to go on, just as before, producing their nasty plays." In other words, the "enthronement" of "Cæsar Augustus" has "been arranged" purely in the hope of "heading off censorship."

I quoted this to Mr. Thomas. A good deal amused, though perhaps not altogether surprised, he replied, amiably, by reminding me that the plea for "censorship by citizens' jury" bore the signature, not only of the Authors' League, the Actors' Equity Association, the American Dramatists, the Better Public Shows Movement, and the New York Drama League, but of the Producing Managers' Association as well. They are opposed to political censorship. So is he. But he welcomes this other arrangement—the panel of three hundred good citizens to "protect the drama from fanatical interpretation of Blue Laws" and at the same time "eliminate contemptible, salacious plays, written from the catch-penny motive of appealing to the taste of a Peeping Tom."

The new Executive Chairman takes issue sharply with those who tell us that "such plays, never very profitable, die speedily a natural death if let alone," but he takes issue as sharply with the cynics who talk of "giving the public what it wants." "It is absurd to call their patrons 'the public,'" he said. "They attract only a small section of the public—a section made up partly of travelers (the now-I'm-in-Paris kind) and partly of repeaters. Morbid people, sensationalists, are not content with seeing a scandalous play once. They come back. And again. And still again. That, and not a general depravity of human nature, is what makes scandalous plays profitable. They remain profitable *until they have tired out the repeaters.* Unfortunately, repeaters show great endurance."

For details regarding "censorship by citizens' jury" Mr. Thomas referred me to the last issue of the Authors' League Bulletin. By happy chance, it contains also an article reprinted from a theatrical magazine, the "Billboard," in which Mr. Patterson James declares, "The vast proportion of theatrical managers will produce anything so long as there is money in it," adding: "There is a stable that needs a Hercules. But who wants the job? I don't! Does Thomas?"

Officially, he has not got that job, or anything at all closely resembling it, yet he seems aware that his position is nevertheless one of real influence. Not a syllable to such effect do I recall, for new men taking new jobs are naturally a bit reticent. But, perhaps because he has been an actor, he managed somehow to convey the idea. Or did it reach me inferentially? This he did say: "Fifty-three producing managers, or ninety-six per cent of all the producing managers in America, belong to our Association," *and it requires no extraordinary exercise* of logic to perceive that, as Executive Chairman, Mr. Thomas may affect profoundly the future of the American stage. He believes in clean plays. Throughout his career he has demonstrated that they pay. And he possesses rare tact, rare persuasiveness. A test: During our talk we rambled off into the realm of psychic phenomena apropos of his play, "The Witching Hour." Almost at once we found ourselves holding opposite views. Yet, thanks to the man's unusual charm and magnetism, and to the coaxing way he has of ending a sentence with "Isn't it?" or "Don't you think so?" I became for once—oh, not acquiescent, quite, but at least concessive. What will happen, I wonder, when such a man as Thomas, with such a record, such impressiveness, and such facile diplomacy, gets to reasoning with the producers of "The Demi-Virgin," "Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath," and "Getting Gertie's Garter?" Something notable, perhaps.

Ostensibly—I use the word *in no opprobrious sense*—ostensibly, it is for his diplomatic qualities that the Producing Managers have made Mr. Thomas their Executive Chairman. They have a blanket contract with the actors' organiza-

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tion; under that contract individual contracts are made; when disputes arise, the Executive Committee deals with them in conference; and Mr. Thomas, with his endearing tact and amiability and with the further advantage of having no financial interest in any theater, is henceforth to preside. "There," he says, "is the anatomy of the thing."

But trouble is coming. Two years hence, when the existing contract has expired, the Producing Managers' Association will meet the challenge of the American Federation of Labor, with which the Equity is now affiliated. "You know what the American Federation of Labor has done to the Yiddish theaters," I said. He nodded. It was a compendious nod, meaning, as I thought, "I know other things besides"—things which doubtless accounted for the emphatic finality with which he said, *ex cathedra* as well as from private conviction, "I am against the closed shop."

Still, there was no rattling of the saber. Far from it. "Everything is settled in conference," he said. "Why not hope that these differences between the Producing Managers' Association and the A. F. L. can be settled in that way?" Why, indeed? He is there for the purpose. And yet—

It is always an affair of "and yet" when one reckons with a crisis two years away. Turning to another topic, quite, I recalled that not long ago Miss Edith Ellis was asked, "What shall one do to become a successful dramatist?" and replied, "Be a foreigner." Himself at once an American and a successful dramatist, and now commanding influence of a high order with producers of plays, Augustus Thomas is in a position to promote native genius. "Why all these plays from abroad?" I inquired.

"Why all these paintings from abroad?" he rejoined. "Why all these jewels and gowns and *bibelots* from abroad? The fascinations of things foreign is perfectly natural, perfectly legitimate, and—perfectly unpreventable. Also harmless. Our American dramatists increase and multiply. When I first came to New York, who were they? Steele MacKaye and three or four others. Now we have a hundred American dramatists in one organization."

Miss Ellis had spoken, too, of what she termed the National uprising against Broadway—the development everywhere of "little theaters," of community drama, and of church theatricals "even among the Methodists." "It all helps the stage," said Thomas. And the movies help. When a fifteen-year-old girl has seen a proposal on the screen, she is more eager than ever to hear the living voice of a character in a play say, 'I love you.' We think in words. We enjoy thinking. And the movies are a song without thoughts because they are a song without words."

But thought comes dear at the theater, and the papers have been nudging Mr. Thomas as to that. When I brought up the question, he said: "Give us credit at least for fighting the speculators. This Association fathered a bill to restrain them from charging more than a fifty-cent advance over the face value of a ticket. The Governor has signed the bill. We are hoping that it will not be found unconstitutional."

Augustus Thomas was once a newspaper man. Before leaving I said: "What do you think of my performance as an interviewer? Have I brought everything out?" "Everything I am in a position to tell," he answered.

So this, then, was the "monarch" and "grand ruler," the "czar as supreme in his field as Landis and Hays in theirs." No doubt the papers will go on blithely assuming that all the theaters in the world now belong to one concern, of which Augustus Thomas is "dictator." That is their story; we may count on them to stick to it. But I fancy that Augustus Thomas gives thanks that no such alarming fate has befallen him. Who can predict how our rapidly growing class of "overlords" will look a few years hence? Perhaps funny. And Mr. Augustus Thomas is a humorist—wrote "The Earl of Pawtucket," if you recall. Like other humorists, he reverences a joke, but—"would rather see than be one."

SOME HAVANA SNAP-SHOTS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

NORTH AMERICA has but a hazy notion of what has been happening in Cuba. Americans may vaguely recall that General Leonard Wood cleaned up the island and set it on its feet and more recently that Cuba had a sugar boom which collapsed.

But America seems to be wholly unaware that Cuba regards intervention by the United States, under the terms of the Platt Amendment, as an imminent probability. It is generally considered that if the United States undertakes a third intervention it will be a friendly and peaceable one. And yet at least one Havana newspaper, "La Nacion," chants a sinister and persistent hymn of hate and declares that the day must come when hatred of the North American will be Cuba's new religion and Americans will be attacked on sight.

Intervention is an odious term, and, while I was told in Cuba that ninety per cent of the people would welcome intervention and the straightening out of Cuban affairs, the political job-holders would not like it and no one can forecast what the American-haters would start.

THE SWEET TOOTH OF THE WORLD TURNS TO CUBA

The performances of our boom towns at home have often been lively and arresting. But these performances fade before the fantastic spectacle staged by Cuba during the recent times when the whole world, cut off by the war from other sugar supplies, turned to Cuba for all its sugar. The price of raw sugar jumped from 1¾ cents to 23 cents, and Cuba very naturally went crazy. The pay of the blacks in the fields and mills jumped from 60 cents per day to $8 per day. The whole island reeked with sudden riches, and some Cubans thought that before the boom was over they could make the world pay 50 cents for sugar.

International

GENERAL ENOCH CROWDER

A rush of real estate speculation swept Havana's outlying regions. Land hitherto worthless sold for $25 to $30 and $40 per square meter. Parks, boulevards, bridges, marble fountains, monuments, and palatial mansions blossomed in the wilderness. A $2,000,000 hotel, the Almendares, reared its marbles and tapestries in the middle of a cow pasture miles out of Havana; to-day it is closed and deserted, save for the cows that once more graze, but now in bewilderment, alongside its beautiful walls.

The gold towns, silver towns, cattle towns, and oil towns of the West have had their boomers, but it took Cuba to develop the world's champion of their kind. His name was José Lopez Rodriguez, familiarly known as Poté, meaning a cheap Spanish soup, a nickname suggested by his own slogan, "The pot boils." Poté was a humpbacked Jew, a native of Spain. He began his career in Cuba as a day-laborer, and then went to

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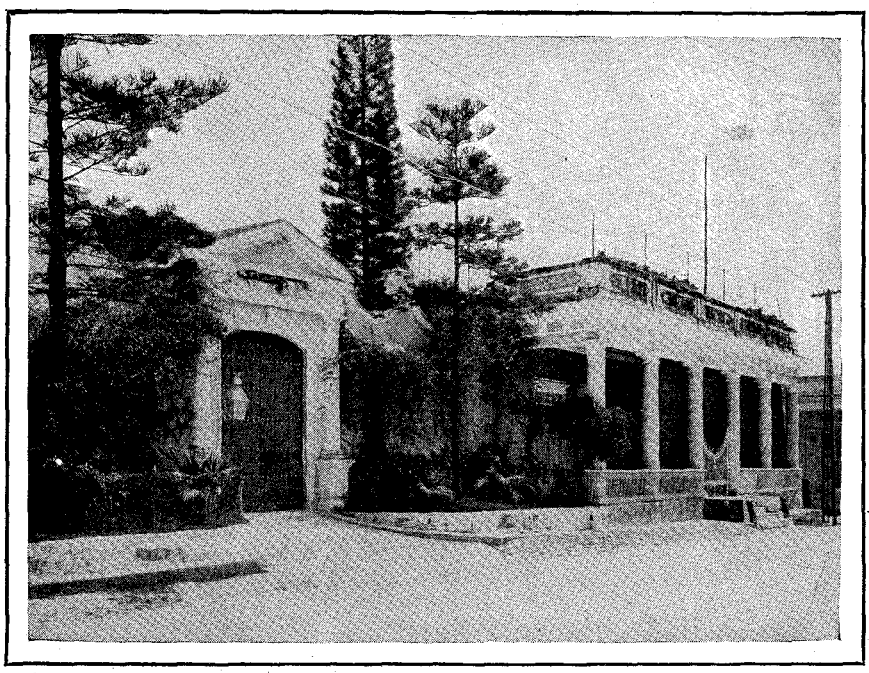

Underwood

"QUINTA HIDALGO," THE "STATELY SPANISH MANSION WHICH HOUSES THE AMERICAN LEGATION IN HAVANA"

work in a printing-office and book-shop. Soon Poté was printing all of the lottery tickets, and his fortune was growing steadily. When the boom began, Poté bought some sugar mills, sold out at an enormous profit, and then embarked upon his master work, a two-mile addition outside of Havana.

THE BIG POT BOILS

The imaginative promoter cut down jungle bushes, leveled the rough manigua, and began lavish landscape gardening and incredible construction work. To-day Poté's addition is a marvel of residential beauty—only it is entirely without residents. Spanish mansions built of creamy marble, with stunning roofs of tile, ranged row upon row, with expensive lawns and sunken gardens between them, are fit for potentates and grandees. The wide boulevards are set off with marble pergolas and imposing monuments. Lagoons glisten in elegant parks.

No one has ever lived in Poté's addition; the houses were all built as come-ons; the boom collapsed before the new-rich could buy. Poté himself saw his fifty-million-dollar fortune oozing through his fingers until he had only eleven million dollars left. At this point, considering himself broke, Cuba's richest man hanged himself.

United States Senator Kenyon once paid a visit to Poté in Cuba. The Cuban inquired with interest regarding the United States Senate, its powers, and its methods of enacting laws. Poté was astonished to learn that it took a large number of Senators to enact legislation.

"Here I make the laws," declared Cuba's political boss. "No law goes on the books until I authorize it."

His personal habits were miserly, despite his free-handed squandering of money upon grotesque real estate promotions. For years he lived in a hut, and often walked to save car-fare. Desiring a title, he picked up a smattering of pharmacy, which enabled him to go before the examining board and secure the right to sign certain initials after his name. In the yard of his home stands a large monument of Napoleon, whom he admired and of whom he undoubtedly considered himself to be the Cuban reincarnation. He secured the Government contract for the construction of part of the sea-wall on Havana's water-front. Much of Poté's wall has been beaten to pieces by the waves; that part of the sea-wall built by General Wood stands intact.

Poté's addition, which represented the actual expenditure of seven or eight million dollars, was put up for sale after the boom's collapse, on the following terms: $100,000 down, and $500,000 in four years, without interest. It was finally bought on those terms by one of Cuba's ex-Presidents.

BANKRUPT CUBA

Last year the workers in Cuban sugar-canes, instead of receiving the previous year's boom pay of $8 per day, worked for 60 cents to $1 per day, and have not yet been paid for last season's work. American bankers concluded that with this condition staring Cuba in the face there would be no sugar crop this year. But the unpaid laborers have remained at work, and this year's Cuban sugar crop totals 3,800,000 tons as against 3,900,000 tons last year.

The workers in the sugar industry are not alone in their peculiar willingness to stick to their jobs despite uncollected back pay. When I was in Cuba in June, neither the Havana police nor Cuban post-office clerks had been paid for two or three months. Perhaps it is the flamboyant "chocolate soldier" uniforms worn by police officers that keeps them happy even during protracted periods of financial neglect.

One big bank after another began to cave in early in the fall of 1920. The Banco Nacional de Cuba failed with $150,000,000 of deposits, and still owes more than $53,000,000, of which $20,000,000 is owed to the Government. This important bank closed on October 10, 1920, reopened for a short time later on, and closed for good a year ago. Among the other big failures were those of the Banco Español de la Isla de Cuba and the Banco Internacional de Cuba. Many smaller private banks have closed, and seventeen banks are now in the hands of a commission for liquidation. Of the defunct Banco Nacional the ambidextrous Poté had been vice-president and owner of a controlling interest of its stock.

The present administration of the Republic of Cuba, which went into office a year ago, found itself the inheritor of piles of debts and of a looted treasury. Cuban Government checks are to-day being discounted anywhere from 10 per cent to 30 per cent, and more than $1,000,000 worth of Government checks are still drifting about marked "no funds."

Warrants have been issued for more than $6,000,000 worth of work done by contractors on public works, for which no payment has been made, and for which no funds are available. Cuban importers are said to have repudiated millions of dollars' worth of debts to manufacturers in the United States.

Cuba's four external loans amount to $66,500,000. Payment of interest on the first three of these loans was made possible by the fourth loan, which was effected this year. On Cuba's three internal loans, amounting to nearly $50,000,000, interest has not been paid.

GENERAL CROWDER

In the stately Spanish mansion which houses the American Legation in Havana sits General Enoch H. Crowder. He has been in Cuba for more than a year as the personal representative of President Harding. Round the tall, spare, commanding figure of America's genius of the selective draft revolve the strange, secret currents of Cuba's national politics. General Crowder occupies the position of a sort of czar in Cuba. He is a firm but wise and kindly czar; and it is well for Cuba that it has Crowder. Too acutely conscious of the welfare of 3,000,000 Cubans to be stampeded by the natural desire for speedy intervention on the part of American business interests operating in Cuba, General Crowder deals with President Zayas and his Cabinet with clear-headed deliberation but with unfailing firmness. He talked to me very frankly at the Legation about America's responsibilities to Cuba and of the importance of deliberate action. A bachelor, he devotes himself day and night to problems connected with his mission. General

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Crowder is in long and frequent conference with Dr. Zayas, who is described by one observer as a soft-spoken, quiet, kindly old man, a shrewd lawyer, and stubborn in his views.

The United States is understood to have demanded a full and clear moral readjustment in the Cuban Government; and a definite programme, based upon ten memoranda prepared by General Crowder and referred to by Havana newspapers as "Secretary Hughes's ten points," has been submitted. The Crowder election reforms, now in effect, embody a system of identification of voters, and have apparently accomplished all possible elimination of election confusion and frauds.

Graft seems to be Cuba's chief official ailment. But graft is nothing new in Cuba. When the fortress of Cabañas, which adjoins ancient Morro Castle, was completed, bills totaling $14,000,000 were submitted to King Charles III of Spain. The Spanish ruler seized a telescope and leveled it in the direction of distant Cuba. When asked what he was looking for, he replied, "A fortress costing $14,000,000 should be visible from Spain."

Underwood

A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN HAVANA—VIEW OF A SIDE STREET

"ATTACK THE AMERICAN ON SIGHT"

Americans in Havana tell me that if intervention by the United States should occur it would be a friendly move; that it would mean taking over the customs, Treasury Department, and public works; and would include the installation of experts in finance, revenue, public works, sanitation, education, law, economy, and accountancy. It is estimated that a friendly intervention would cost the United States something like $200,000 per year, including salaries, rents, and supplies.

But if the outspoken views of "La Nacion" may be taken at anything like their face value, then an American intervention might open the door to something more than friendly co-operation. "La Nacion" declared on June 21 of this year that America's co-operation with Cuba "has been the narcotic which has worked on our sentiments, preventing us from declaring all the damage which the Americans have done to us and protesting against the oppression which the Republic has suffered." And the same article continues:

> That sentiment of gratitude no longer exists in the hearts of the Cuban people. The admiration which the American democracy produced in the unforgetable year of 1899 has been extinguished. We do not yet hate, but the time is coming when we shall be completely dominated by this passion. What we lack is hatred for North America. The hatred of the American will be our new religion. Our teachers will have to comply with this need of national sentiment. It is the immediate work of the Cuban school, of the Cuban and Spanish teachers who model the mind of the child. This seed must be planted in the heart of the infant, it must be cultivated and cared for until it reaches the proportions which will make of us another Ireland, beloved of death if by that means we can arrive at absolute and everlasting liberty.

HAVANA REMAINS CHARMING

But despite these ominous rumblings of an excited press, Havana remains charming and seductive to the visitor from the United States. You wander fascinatedly about among the shops whose awnings suspend languid canopies clear across streets scarcely wide enough for a Ford and shading sidewalks so narrow that you must proceed in single file.

It was on one of these Havana shopping tours that Joseph Hergesheimer, the American novelist, discovered a Spanish shawl that has since made a unique place for itself in literary gossip. This tenuous, creamy product of Spanish looms and needles, aflame with its brilliant colorings, gave the romanticist no rest. It happened that a popular American magazine had been making an unsuccessful effort to secure a serial novel from Hergesheimer. The latter, remembering this, impulsively cabled the magazine's publishers that he would write them a serial if they would buy him the shawl. The transaction was quickly closed, and the serial, appropriately entitled "The Bright Shawl," soon began its appearance.

Seemingly there is something or other to parade about every night in Havana. Drums, bands, firecrackers, fluttering banners, and marching feet may be heard almost every night along the Prado. Havana seems never to sleep save during the heat of the day, and even that is mitigated by innumerable arcades and awnings. Every building is romantic with balconies. Unlike the glaring white coral structures of Bermuda, Havana builds with soft, peach-colored stone and trims with cool pastel shades of blue and green and lavender.

The low buildings and inevitable balconies must be a constant lure to the porch-climbing temperament; but Latin ingenuity of the underworld seems to prefer to angle for its loot, and a friend of mine tells me of waking up one night to see his watch and chain floating weirdly through the air and out of the window. A fishing rod and line were the instruments of appropriation.

While your watch may be safer under your pillow than on the table, a resident of Havana assured us that street hold-ups are unknown, and that a stranger may taxi without fear through the most suspicious-looking of the narrow thoroughfares at any hour of the night. Under the flare of their curious old iron lamps Havana streets all have an inscrutable air of impending melodrama.

ECONOMIC INCOMPETENCE

Cuba's financial tribulations are not due to intrinsic reverses, but to economic incompetence and to burlesque politics. A one per cent sales tax and an eight per cent profits tax on all classes of business have been imposed to renew public funds. The riches of Cuban soil and climate are almost incredible. A tobacco crop is grown in ninety days, at a profit of $500 per acre, and sugar-cane bears nine crops after one planting, and may be grown for fifty years on the same soil without transplanting. The world seems entitled to reasonable benefits from these natural riches, isled in Cuba's hotbed of fertility, without the interference of the childish pranks of Cuba's burlesque politicians. But just how much it is the business of outsiders to meddle with Cuban notions of conduct is still to be decided. There is a world of difference, however, between the butchery of General Weyler and the healing hand of General Crowder.

NEWTON FUESSLE.

On board S.S. "Ulua" in the Caribbean.

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BY THE BLACK HEARTHSTONE

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

IT was a seashore as wild as that over which Prospero held mystic sway; and to the west of the shore-line rose the velvet-purple wall of a forest every whit as primeval as Evangeline's. From the far-stretching marshes curlew whistled humanly, something aware of mortal trouble; from the moldering forest, steeped in ancient peace, a great horned owl voiced impressively his stately sorrow. Moonlight marbled the sand beach, and by its enchanting wand even the somber pines were tinged with a faint, austere light. It was the deep of night; midnight and forest mystery and sea mystery. Eerie and glamorous was the scene. The place appeared to be a stage set for fairy rites. It seemed like what Milton must have had in mind when he wrote:

> The sounds and seas with all their finny drove
> Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
> And on the tawny sands and shelves
> Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.

Yet on this lonely sea beach, redolent of romance, were no supernatural creatures—only two human beings of ordinary inconsequence, and before them ambled an old dog of obscurest pedigree. You see, Sam Weston and I were out hunting raccoons.

THAT was thirty years ago, when Sam and I were boys. Though he was black and I was white, we seemed to have the same appreciation of many things, and particularly of the sport of following the wise and wily raccoon through the pine forest and along the sea beach. In the deep and gloomy woods that fringe that region of the Carolina coast, on the hummocks in the broad salt marshes, in the semi-tropical jungle of the coastal waste lands we followed our game. Our comradeship had all the tacit and genial understanding that is common to youth. We were simply friends.

But then I became bound to education, while Sam remained free. Moreover, though I regularly revisited my old homeland haunts, it just happened that Sam and I did not meet. And, as has been said, thirty years passed.

Recently when I was at home my brother said to me one Sunday morning: "Don't you want to drive out with me to see Sam Weston? He is always asking about you. He lives about a mile from the village here. I want to talk with him about some carpentering; he's the best carpenter we have in this country now," he added.

A brief drive along a fragrant pine-land road bordered by aromatic hedges of cedar and myrtle brought us to Sam Weston's house. It was small, homelike, immaculate. In the front yard trim little flower-beds were laid out; their borders were carefully kept by conch-shells. On either side of the door were tied handsome bunches of cape grass, which Sam had evidently gathered on some late trip to the beaches. I noticed that he had about ten acres of land fences behind his house. The toil required to clear such a tract must have been considerable; for it was land obstinately wrested from the ancient primeval grasp of a moldering swamp. Dankly the swamp glimmered upon the small, sweet, triumphant clearing that the man had won from it.

At our rap the door was opened and Sam welcomed us. And for a few moments thereafter I could think of nothing but:

> Shepherd, I take thy honest-offered courtesy,
> Which is oft sooner found in lowly sheds
> With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
> And courts of princes, where it first was named
> And yet is most pretended.

And here I want to bear testimony that the Negro has the grace of heart to be as genuinely courteous as any man who walks the earth. And by *courteous* I do not mean merely kindly and hospitable: I mean that he can sense the fitness of things and that he knows something of the reticences and the deferences of heart. I take it that courtesy of this genuine sort is an excitingly authentic sign of character; and I know that I have found high and gentle courtesy in the Negro. Many a time by the black hearthstone I have been made welcome by an ingenuous and unaffected affection that reached my heart because it came from another's. Judge not the Negro's courtesy—or any man's—when you merely see him in a gang of track laborers, in a group working on the wharves of a seaport town, or in a gang toiling with pick and shovel along the highroad. You may, indeed, in a sense, judge him in such situations; and you will probably find him to be as cheerful and as willing a workman as you have any right to expect any man similarly placed to be. Yet if you would really know the Negro, you will have to sit with him beside the black hearthstone. To know any man you must see him at home, beside his own hearth. Come with me to Sam Weston's fireside.

The three of us sat before the genial fire of lightwood and scrub-oak; and as I looked at Sam, over me came a flood of memories. He had aged, his hair was tinged with gray; but he had not changed. I saw at once that, instead of permitting life to mar him, he had compelled life (in the grim, implacable struggle that every one has to meet) to make a man of him. Small in stature, muscular in a lithe hard way, with a sharp face evidencing quick perception and restless, almost imperious energy, this good Negro with whom I used so often to follow the hounds on moonlit nights had in thirty years not altered so much as developed. I could now see in his face the same alert intelligence which I, as a boy, had learned to trust to take me out of difficult situations incident to midnight hunting. I could see the old understanding; I could sense the old affection. And to be conscious that early friendship remains unchanged by the years is one of the purest pleasures which life can afford. Physically of course time had changed Sam Weston in its wholesome fashion; but the character, by infallible signs readily detected, had undergone no change save that of sane and simple yet noble growth.

IT was the old Sam who, with a quiet geniality that warmed our hearts, assured us that our visit was most welcome to him.

"Where are you working now?" I inquired.

"Down to the Point," he answered, referring to a section of the near-by seacoast town; "we are rebuilding the house that was burned."

"Who has charge of the work?"

"I look after it, sir."

My brother looked at me significantly. Sam's modesty was apparent.

"How many men do you have under you, Sam?"

"Eighteen this week," he said; "we are trying to finish the work so that the family can move in by the first of the year."

"Could you do a little work for me, Sam, some day this coming week?" my brother asked. "I have to get some gutters put on that back porch of mine, and you are the man to fix them."

"I done make a promise to finish the house," Sam said, and in his tone there was earnestness. "I wouldn't like to go back on my word. But I will come any afternoon after we knock off work for the day."

The day was forthwith fixed for the work; and I knew that the work was as good as done, and well done at that. There was no talk of the "eight-hour day," "time-and-a-half for overtime," and all the other formulas so current nowadays. Here was a man who was glad to get extra work; but he was likewise a man of his word—he would accept no

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task until he had first done full duty to his first employer.

As I sat there listening to Sam's honest talk I wondered what more could be expected of a good workman than those very qualities which he so unconsciously yet so patently displayed: gladness to toil; readiness to come to an agreement with a decent employer; faithfulness to fulfill his word; cheerfulness over every prospect; efficiency; contentment in skillful service. There may be other qualities which a good workman should have; but if all workmen had those just enumerated the industrial deserts of the earth would be translated into oases where well forth clear springs and where bloom myrtles and roses.

From the Negro who was talking in his thoughtful, courteous way to my brother my gaze wandered about the room. The whole house, I knew, had been built by Sam; and this room had been finished with especial care. Over the fireplace-mantel the places of honor were given to two diplomas of secret-society membership. On the wall a few pictures were disposed. There was a faded photograph of a little boy Sam had lost. On the broad mantel—which was a slab of heart-cypress hewn out with a broadax from some patriarch of the swamp—I marked some trophies of wood and shore: the dropped antler of a whitetail stag, a huge shark hook, and a handful of alligator acorns. The room itself, in every detail, was spotlessly clean; the yellow-pine floor had been scrubbed until it literally glistened, the walls and ceiling had lately been painted. I thought: "This is like the home of a happy craftsman in a land where an ancient civilization prevails; here is a man who owns his house and his land, who loves his work, who is respected by the members of both races with whom he is thrown. He knows and enjoys the simpler—and by that I mean the genuine and fundamental—joys and sorrows of life. He is not in the least troubled in spirit because his position happens to be subordinate to that of some one else. Perhaps he has sensed the necessity of what Boswell termed the grand scheme of subordination, and appreciates the importunate truth of Johnson's fine saying: "There can be no order without subordination." Perhaps his spirit caught long ago the idea that Pope put so pregnantly into words:

> Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Here, then, is a humble workman acting his part most admirably; a craftsman of whom any civilization may be justly proud; for to the rearing of the vast temples of civilization the obscure artificers have as certain and as necessary work as those who project the tremendous plans, who

> Think in gold and dream in silver,
> Imagine in marble, and in bronze conceive.

As we were leaving Sam Weston's home he asked us to wait a minute. He disappeared, telling us that he would meet us at the car. And there he met us, smiling, a chicken in one hand and a bag of peanuts in the other. They were gifts for us; nor did his courtesy cease with his gifts.

"If you could come out before day some morning this week," he said, "I would like to take you to a place in the marsh where plenty of mallard ducks are—out yonder near Jeremy Island, where we used to hunt 'coons," he added. "I could easy do it and get back in time for my work; or I could take you to the pond and leave you there for the shooting."

There surely can breathe no man with soul so dead as to refuse such an invitation. I accepted it—but for another year. I must pay my respects to those mallards; but, far more than that, I must renew my sporting comradeship with Sam.

You have seen the Negro at his hearthstone; you have seen him welcoming guests at his door and telling them good-by at his gate. I venture to say that you have seen the genuine man. Yet if you go to the movies, or if you read stories in magazines that have a few million a week circulation, or if you see him on the minstrel stage, you will get nothing but a pitiful caricature of the Negro. Inevitably he will be shown to be cowardly, absurd, pilfering, scheming, credulous, preposterous. If the characterizations were true, they might be ludicrous; but nearly all of them are shamelessly false. Long have I been amazed that the American public could be for so great a length of time so deeply deluded. Of course it depends on what the public wants: the truth or merely something to create laughter; a portrait or a cartoon—and even the cartoon lacking that crude sapiency of justice that a good cartoon has; the mirror held up to nature or merely buffoonery and burlesque. If you would hear the oracle, go to the shrine; if you would know the present truth, and through it come to a clear understanding of it, and therefore to a sane vision of the future, visit the black hearthstone.

The popular idea of the Negro is as menacing to his and to the country's welfare as it is essentially false. To be definite, I should like to explode certain current misconceptions concerning him. It must be admitted that the Negro is pictured as a fearful being, afraid of the dark, of ghosts, of deserted houses, of wild animals. Now, as a matter of fact, the Negro will walk alone at night mile after mile through the loneliest country, and will have at least as little concern as the white man. I know well a Negro who received from the British Admiralty a medal for killing single-handed a notorious man-eating shark in the harbor of Bombay. I know another who went with a white man to a solitary island to capture a herd of fierce wild cattle; and the white man told me that the Negro's nerve was something extraordinary. Lately, at Vancouver, there was buried a Negro, Joe Fortes by name, who for thirty years had been a member of the beach patrol, and as such had saved many lives. The esteem in which he was held may be judged by the fact that when he was buried—

> the . . . port
> Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

It ought to be apparent that I am not saying that all Negroes are brave; such a statement cannot be made about the members of any race. But I do assert that the Negro has on many occasions showed himself to be a man of courage. I give one last instance of it: My father, a colonel in the Confederate army, had been wounded in the battle of Antietam. His body-servant then and throughout the Civil War was a Negro, Charlie Williamson. After the battle, when Lee began to recross the Potomac, there was a good deal of rear-guard fighting; and the nature of the country rendered this guerrilla work most effective. While fording the river on horseback my father, weak from his wound, which had not been dressed, fell from his horse. In the face of dangerous fire from Federals on the Maryland side of the river, Charlie waded back, drew my father out of the water, and carried him safely to the Virginia shore. I call that bravery; and it was other things as well—devotion and fidelity worthy of renown.

Another false impression of the Negro is that he lacks the humor which compels you to laugh with him, and has only the folly and the absurdity which make you laugh at him. As a matter of fact, the Negro's sense of humor is a part of his philosophy of life; it is not merely adventitious, it is natural. Yet no one who has not lived in the South can well appreciate its exact character or can realize the almost constant gentle raillery and genial badinage that are constantly employed among the Negroes themselves and between the two races. I have long believed that the Negro has all his humor (as he has most of his songs) tinged with fitful gleams from the moonlight of melancholy—the sure effect of one's accurate observation of life and reflection upon it. But sometimes the humor is infectious; always, I may say, it is spontaneous. In repartee its effect can be seen.

"Why, hello, Joshua!" said an old planter to an old Negro who had been his workman and something like his comrade since boyhood. "I see that all the old fools are not dead yet."

"No, sah," Joshua replied with a grin; "and I is glad to see you lookin' so well, Cap'n."

What has been said of courage and of humor in the Negro may also be said of other qualities which popular fancy denies him. Certain of these traits may

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perhaps best be illustrated by another visit to the hearthstone.

UNTIL his affliction fell upon him Peter Small was an Esau of the finest order. The world is full of incipient and spurious woodcrafters; but this hunting comrade of mine was a genuine woodsman. Such, indeed, was my respect for his opinion in such matters that for years I seldom accepted as final any statement concerning wild life until I had had upon it the opinion of Peter. He taught me more about trapping the red fox, of finding the home of the otter, of locating the master bull among the alligators, and of a hundred other curious matters of nature than all the books I had ever read. Other Negroes might tell me of having seen droves of forty wild turkeys, or of having seen ten deer in one herd; but I would not be satisfied until I had seen and consulted Peter. He is a man of few and of final words. He always thinks carefully before answering; but the answer will be a genuine reply. Well, not long ago I heard that Peter was sick; and the report made me fear that something ominous was wrong.

After three miles of walking through dank watercourses, over airy pine ridges, and along old hedged plantation roads I came to the Negro's solitary cabin; and in the sunshine before it sat my old friend. By "old" I do not mean aged, but for long my comrade. He observed me coming, and he tried to smile a welcome; yet he could not rise to greet me. Nothing could have more deeply emphasized the grievousness of his trouble.

"Why, Peter," I said, "I had been hoping you would run an old buck over me this Christmas. What is the meaning of that bandage on your head?"

"I have a little trouble, sir," he said; and his voice was full of suppressed pain. He said no more.

I sat down on the bench beside him in the sun, and for a time I told him of what I had been doing since last we had met. Then at last I asked him about himself.

"The doctor says I'se gwine leave you," he said. His tone was one of simple resignation; but on his face was a bleak wistfulness as he gazed off over his home fields. From him was no complaint; he did not even discuss the details of his illness in the manner characteristic of main streets and small towns. He bore and was silent. For him I could do little; of course I did what was possible. But here was a fine specimen of manhood doomed to early death; and he might have been saved by a good doctor if his care had been given in time. Among the most crying needs for the rural South is a Grenfell—or a hundred such—to minister to the Negro physically. To make the imperative nature of this need clear, I may say that in the vast plantation regions not one Negro mother in a hundred ever receives at childbirth medical attention; and thousands of little babies are reared without ever having in their periods of childhood's ailments any genuine attention such as modern science can give. Many survive, but many perish. Devoted physicians are sorely needed. Many men now in general practice do indeed give the Negro almost boundless help; but the need is still great. I have long wondered why those who give money to Negro education do not specify that some of it is to be devoted to the training of Negroes who shall be medical missionaries to their race; or why all our medical missionaries feel it incumbent to go to Korea and to China and to the other ends of the earth. Great free dispensaries in the South would be of immediate and inestimable assistance to a race which is in dire need of such help, far more in need of it than in need of either lower or higher education. If there is a real "Negro Problem," it seems to be the problem of having him, as a race, given proper medical assistance.

The case of Peter Small, just described, illustrates the Negro's quiet and uncomplaining acceptance of hardships that would make many a soldier quail. Perhaps he does not have those sensitive spirit wings that are so easily crushed by life and its storms, that lift one perilously into ethereal realms; but he has an ascent of spirit sufficient to make him see certain of the fundamental truths of life; to make him steadfast in affliction, courageous in pain, stoical in cruel suffering. These qualities of heart must not be denied the Negro; only by an assured acceptance of them as genuine possessions of his can we approach an understanding of his character.

AGAIN, it has been said that the Negro is slovenly—though, oddly enough, the Negro as pictured in the modern magazine is shown most fashionably tailored, to meet popular fancy in matters sartorial. And I am ready to admit that his acute poverty often lends to him and to the things that are his the appearance of a neglect bordering on abandon. Yet once more come with me to a black hearthstone, and I will show you as bonnie an inglenook as you will find in the glens of Lothian or Argyleshire.

The place in question is called Tranquillity. No stranger abode is to be found on this continent. In the midst of that wild morass known as the Delta of the Santee, where a hundred years ago fortunes were being made in rice, there is now a solitary hillock of white sand. It has upon it two noble live-oaks. There are several cabins there. A half-mile away in the gross delta marsh stands a dark tower—a "slave-tower," wherein in the old days the slaves used to take refuge when a sudden West Indian hurricane came up the coast. But no storm and no mighty freshet which inundates all other parts of the Delta ever covers with wild waters this inviolate hill of Tranquillity. I often go there to shoot ducks; and I am always welcomed by London and his wife.

Let us say that I arrive after dark. At my call London comes with a lantern; and while we make our way to his cabin he regales me with tales of the abundance of ducks—which, to tell the truth, I can hear hilariously quacking all about me in the flooded fields. In the cabin is London's wife, Lucy, who has supper ready. A cheerful fire of driftwood blazes in the ample hearth; a little lamp, with a chimney clean as crystal, is set on a small immaculate table. The fire and the lamp give sufficient light to show me that the room is immaculate. There is not a cobweb, not a fleck of dust visible. The yellow-pine floor glistens. At the fireplace are shining pans and dark clean pots. Hominy is bubbling thickly. Bacon is frying. Coffee is steaming. London has a neat stack of wood ready to replenish the blaze as long as he and I sit up to talk hunting and the old days. After a time Lucy brings me a broad light cypress board for my lap; and on this she serves my supper—all that a hungry hunter could desire, and served daintily.

After supper we three talk for an hour. Lucy then retires; and London and I rehunt the Delta wastes for the past thirty years. At length he shows me to my room—a little offset from the cabin, which, though bare and small, is as clean as human care can make it. The frame of my bed is of pine boards; the mattress is of Spanish moss; but the sheets are snowy, and so fresh as to seem lavendered. Between these I lose myself in ineffable peace until at four o'clock London calls me for breakfast and the morning shooting.

We return at eleven o'clock; and by broad sunshine the cabin of London is as speckless as it had appeared by night. Besides, on all sides I see neat fences, orderly little garden patches, trim paths. Having, therefore, known this home, and many another like it in character, how can I accept the gross dictum that the Negro is slovenly? When I see a Negro home suffering for want of repairs or for want of all things in the way of neatness that a home should have, I know that "chill penury" here has set its blighting hand. Such a home is more pathetic than it is hopeless; for I feel that it is the result of circumstances rather than of intention, of conditions rather than of character.

IN these days we hear much of this problem and of that; of the industrial problem, of that of immigration, of that of the Negro. But I take it that there is no problem, local or National, which does not resolve itself into a human problem, and therefore an individual problem. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a mystically profound and all-powerful command. The so-called trou-

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ble between the Negro and the white race is identical with the trouble between any two individuals of any race or age who do not understand each other and do not wish each other well. The hearts of all of us are infallibly human; and by the truth of such a statement all of us are indicted; for, since we are human, we are liable sometimes to be intolerant, selfish, unappreciative of another's position, needs, hopes, fears, desires. The Golden Rule is the almighty solvent for all human ills of the character in question; one touch of its wand, and the shadows of ages flee away.

Clouds and darkness rest upon all phases of life; upon that of the field and the forest, the strident mart, the moiling factory, the mazy and pulsating arteries of transportation. But the movements of men and women in the more active phases of life often give us no real idea of the inner life—the sanctuaries where dwell the hearts of the race. It is only by the life of the home—or chiefly so—the joys and sorrows, the music and the silences before the family fireside, that we come truly to know any people with the poignance of acute understanding. And I hope that I have come to know something of the real Negro through my visits to the black hearthstone.

PETTICOAT HILL FOR EXAMPLE

BY FRANK A. WAUGH

In western Hampshire County steep hills command no special premium. Even when they have a good stand of timber they are considered valuable chiefly to the lumberman. At the very foot of Petticoat Hill itself stands a thriving sawmill, which obviously could not keep piling up its sawdust cones unless timber cutting were a going business. Yet the sawmill is one of the very clearest reasons for the present status of Petticoat Hill.

For this is not just a common hill with a common stand of second-growth mixed hardwoods on it; this is a State reservation with a bronze tablet set in a stone at the front entrance. The inscription on the tablet reads:

PETTICOAT HILL
GIVEN INTO THE KEEPING OF THE
TRUSTEES OF PUBLIC RESERVATIONS
BY
MARTHA WINSLOW NASH
IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND
EDWARD WORTHINGTON NASH
A LOVER OF NATURE
1906

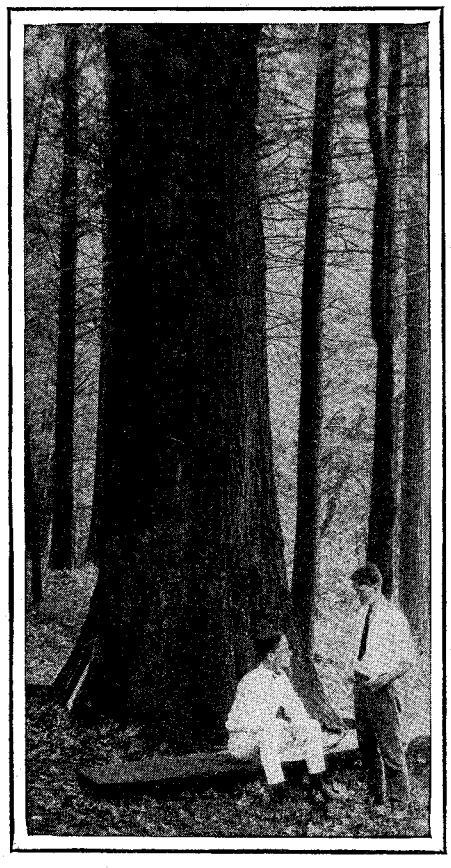
In short, we have here a beautiful woodland park typifying several principles of great importance in the cultural life of this interesting young American race.

MAKING A MEMORIAL OF NATURE

As a memorial what could be finer than this? In fact, do we not have here the very model for all those communities, all those posts of the American Legion, and all other public bodies now seeking the best means to memorialize our friends and comrades who failed to return from the Great War? Town parks and forests have been frequently suggested of late as appropriate memorials. Any one who cares to see how it seems may drive up to Williamsburg, Massachusetts, and satisfy himself fully. A half-day scrambling over Petticoat Hill, walking through the cool forest, resting on the convenient seats, drinking from the big spring, looking out at the inspiring distances, ought to convince anybody that such a memorial is worth while.

PRESERVING LOCAL SCENERY

The second great principle here illustrated is that type examples of local scenery ought to be preserved. At this point America has sinned terribly, excessively. From the vast regions of aboriginal forest a visitor can now find only rarely and at far intervals some trifling reminder of what God meant this country to look like. Even in the prairie States the prairies have been generally obliterated, and in place of the ancient story written with blue-stem, bunch-grass and buffalo-grass, with purple astragalus, prairie sage, and upstanding compass-plants, there is inscribed a new story of wheat and corn and alfalfa. No one need regret the transformation, except that it has been too complete. There ought to be some adequate and legible remnants of the prairies kept for succeeding generations.



THE BIG WHITE OAK ON PETTICOAT HILL
"This is not just a common hill"

The fact is, the common college graduate, mill worker, floor-walker, member of the Legislature, or hotel barber does not appreciate the importance of saving good specimens of local scenery. Each of these representatives of general society does actually love the landscape, and goes fishing, golfing, or picnicking in it whenever possible, but he no more considers the public duty of protecting it than he thinks it his business to look after the State's water supply. That is why a concrete example like Petticoat Hill is so significant.

In Belchertown, at the other end of Hampshire County, is another reservation of local scenery equally worthy of mention. This is a deep, rocky, picturesque glen with heavily wooded slopes above and a courageous little stream below. The name commemorates the youth of the author, James G. Holland, spent in this neighborhood. The land was recently bought by public subscription and is held by the trustees of the Belchertown Historical Society.

Still another example of delightful landscape which enjoys a neighborhood reputation and use is found in Whately Glen, in the neighboring town of Whately. Here a considerable brook comes down from the hills through a gorge of heavily faulted granite. There is a whole chromatic scale of waterfalls from A altissimo down to G below the cow pasture. The big ones roar in the gloomy shadows like lions in the jungle; the little ones flash over the sunny ripples like butterflies on the milkweed blossoms. Here, shut in by the towering hills, shaded by the woods and sung to by the tumbling waterfalls, is one of the finest picnic grounds I have ever seen, and I do not forget Schoenbrunn, the Bois de Boulogne, nor Maxwell's Grove on Sharps Creek in Kansas.

This delightful spot, well known and loved by the citizens of two counties, is nevertheless only partially published. It is still held partly in private ownership. The village of Deerfield has some water rights, but the public has no permanent

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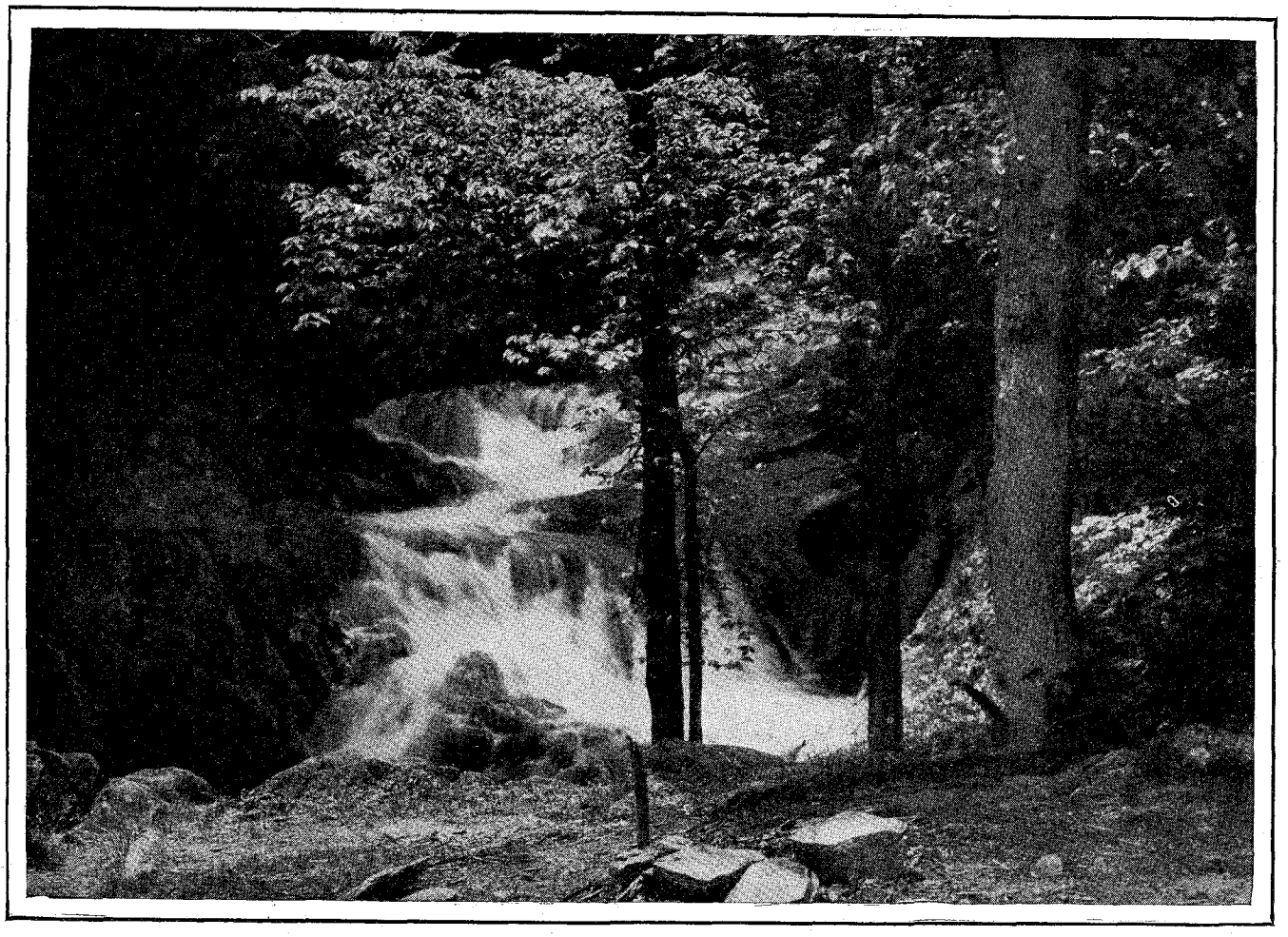

PICNIC GROUNDS AND CASCADE AT WHATELY GLEN

"There is a whole chromatic scale of waterfalls from A altissimo to G below the cow pasture"

picnic rights. Something ought to be done about it, and quite possibly something will. The trend of civilization lies that way.

GOVERNMENT AND LANDSCAPE

Since we have begun to use these joyful bits of common scenery to illustrate general principles, we might as well carry our generalizations one step further. The preservation of good landscape is one of the highest functions of human government. The government hasn't generally found it out yet, but that does not alter the fact. The Federal Government of these United States has lately taken to the protection of a few outstanding landscape features in the National Parks, a few others in the National Monuments, and the incidental, unintentional safeguarding of scenery in the National Forests. Some States have State parks and forests; others are waking up to the sound of the alarm clock and are stretching themselves in a sleepy sort of way toward the same goal.

THE MORE LOCAL, THE MORE IMPORTANT

But when this is all done, it is not enough—not nearly enough. Petticoat Hill, Whately Glen, and Holland Glen are not National Parks, they are not even State parks; they are merely indispensable. They are here in Massachusetts, where we live, right in our own neighborhood. We can go to see them two or three times a year if we have sense enough. One could go to them as easily and as often as to the movies, with results possibly as good. They are a part of our daily environment. They help to make Massachusetts beautiful, and Massachusetts is the habitat of some millions of people who need beauty at home.

The general principle here is that local government is the most important—the more local, the more important. The government of our town concerns us more than the affairs of our State, and our State business affects us more seriously than anything they do in Washington; while any one can lately observe that national government is so much more important than world government that national governments will hardly permit the world order to emerge at all. Thus when it comes to that highly consequential function of government, the reservation, protection, and publication of scenery, the most serious concern in the whole programme is that the local community should take care of its own picnic grounds.

This generalization applies without exception or qualification to every community. Has your neighborhood some exceptionally lovely spot, some lake, some stream, some hilltop outlook, some forest, better than the average and representative of your country at its best? Certainly you will want to keep it, to enjoy it, and to hand it down unimpaired to your grandchildren. Or is your neighborhood, on the contrary, destitute of all these glories? You will then certainly want to keep the best you have, and haply to improve it, so that you may not be ashamed among the neighbors of your State, nor your children unused to the beauties of their native land.

DRAWING A MORAL

Either way, your town requires the best local park which your territory can supply, and the sooner your citizens come to themselves and do the right thing for themselves, the better it will be also for the popular human race, and especially for your immediate successors. It is not necessary to wait for an act of Congress, or even to get a bill through the Legislature. If you and your neighbors know what you want, there are forty ways to get it, and all of them better than getting it through Congress. Petticoat Hill is one example among thousands of what has already been done.

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE SKEPTICISM OF MR. STRACHEY

BY LLOYD R. MORRIS

"JE fais tous les efforts possibles pour être *sec*," Stendhal once observed. "Je veux imposer silence à mon cœur, qui croit avoir beaucoup à dire. Je tremble toujours de n'avoir écrit qu'un soupir, quand je crois avoir noté une vérité."[1] In the course of a shrewd and witty essay on Stendhal in his new book[2] Mr. Lytton Strachey discusses the effect of this dilemma of the spirit: "Do what he will, he cannot keep up a consistently critical attitude towards the creatures of his imagination: he depreciates his heroes with extreme care, but in the end they get the better of him and sweep him off his feet."

If this remark sheds a clear light upon the psychology of Stendhal, how much more incandescent is its insight into the mental operations of Mr. Strachey himself! For there is more than a superficial parallel between the temperamental predilections of the great Frenchman and his English critic. Stendhal, writing at a time when the romantic revival precipitated a burst of energy which swept away the classical tradition in French literature, conceived expression in terms of an almost formulary classicism. An intellectual detachment, a syllogistic precision of analysis, presides over his art, only to be dominated by the unconscious activity of an influence which he consciously detested, the passionate, anarchic individualism which Rousseau had been the first to release.

If Mr. Strachey were not so conspicuously the spokesman of a new generation in literature, and an illustration of its fundamental perplexity, it would hardly be worth while to note with what curious results the position has been reversed, nor to recall that the burden of Stendhal's dilemma still confronts the contemporary mind. Mr. Strachey is writing at a time when an obstinate breeze is at work among the winds of doctrine; the present generation of writers are avowedly suspicious of feeling and sentiment, but it is not clear that they have substituted for these touchstones of the will, which were the Victorian era's inheritance from the romantic revival, any profound loyalty to reason and intelligence. This hesitant indecision between emotion and intellect is what gives, for example, to Mr. Strachey's books, and in less degree to those of other contemporary writers, an effect of skepticism and irony. Irony is the quality for which he has been most highly praised, but his irony is the instinctive, desperate gesture of an austere and celibate intelligence trapped in a single illicit relation with sentimentality.

Mr. Strachey's subject-matter no less than his method reveals how firmly rooted in a revival of the school of wit and reason is the primary impulse of his criticism. In "Eminent Victorians" he satirized the atmosphere of an entire period by dissecting with a species of coolly detached intellectual surgery the reputations of its celebrities. In "Queen Victoria" he attempted a second revaluation, but, although, like Stendhal, he depreciated his heroine with extreme care, in the end she swept him off his feet, and, while intellect presided at its birth, the tone of impersonal observation disappeared in a resurgence of indiscriminating sentiment. In that book, at least, appears the essential perplexity of Mr. Strachey's generation; however firm is its resolve to rely implicitly on the method of cold reason, on the logic of ideas, the old strong feeling through which Victorian England realized its accomplishment again reasserts its mastery. Skillful interpretation is undoubtedly one of Mr. Strachey's most notable gifts; one nevertheless suspects him of a dismayed surprise upon discovering that his disenchanted appraisal of Victorian ideals had unintentionally become their most eloquent defense. Like Stendhal, he may have been troubled by having only sighed when he wished instead to record a fact.

In "Books and Characters" his preoccupation is for the most part with material less disturbing and perhaps more congenial to the intellectualistic philosophy which he would make thoroughly his own. Of the fourteen essays composing the volume, no less than eight are devoted to the personages and literature of the French classical tradition; two others, dealing with the gossipy Mr. Creevey and the preposterous Lady Hester Stanhope, are exquisite character portraits in the vein that Mr. Strachey has made so uniquely his; the remaining essays are chiefly of interest for what they reveal of Mr. Strachey's development as an artist and critic. Even had not the author provided his own commentary by adding to each essay the date of its composition, it would have been impossible not to trace in this book a significant personal evolution. There is a profound difference not only in attitude but in import between the earlier essays and the later ones.

To point out the existence of this distinction implies no lack of value in Mr. Strachey's early work. It is, for the most part, competent if not distinguished criticism, and it frequently lies closer to the border of true distinction than to that of merely expert craftsmanship. The essay on Racine, for example, despite an unconcealed self-persuasion, is probably the most finely discerning interpretation of his work in English criticism. The quality of æsthetic discrimination fused with intellectual enthusiasm enlightens the best of these early essays. In them Mr. Strachey does what one should like to see all critics do; he discusses the fundamental texture of literary experience, the emotional effect upon the reader of the particular book which happens to be his subject. "There is only one way to judge a poet," he writes, "as Wordsworth, with that paradoxical sobriety so characteristic of him, has pointed out—and that is, by loving him." If in these early essays his interest seems primarily to be given to the emotional content of literature, he possesses the wisdom and the insight to illustrate literary experience by the experience of life, he has a philosophy which serves as an instrument wherewith to take up new ideas and new emotions. Consider, for example, this brief passage of his discussion of Racine's dialogue:

> But, as a rule, Racine's characters speak out most clearly when they are most moved, so that their words, at the height of passion, have an intensity of direction unknown in actual life. In such moments, the phrases that leap to their lips quiver and glow with the compressed significance of character and situation. . . . Very different is the Shakespearean method. There, as passion rises, expression becomes more and more poetical and vague. Image flows into image, thought into thought, until at last the state of mind is revealed, inform and molten, driving darkly through a vast storm of words. Such revelations, no doubt, come closer to reality than the poignant epigrams of Racine. In life, men's minds are not sharpened, they are diffused, by emotion; and the utterance which best represents them is fluctuating and agglomerated rather than compact and defined. But Racine's aim was less to reflect the actual current of the human spirit than to seize upon its inmost being and to give expression to that. One might be tempted to say that his art represents the sublimed essence of reality, save that, after all, reality has no degrees.

It is rather in the later essays than in the earlier, however, that the distinctive talents which have made Mr. Strachey so patently an intellectual force to be reckoned with are most clearly emphasized. The qualities for which his writing is remarkable are those which specifically inhere in an admirable use of the classical method. In that essay on Stendhal to which reference has already been made Mr. Strachey defines the classical method in terms which might as readily be applied to his own: "The method of selection, of omission, of unification, with the object of creating a central impression of supreme reality." The virtue of Mr. Strachey's biographical studies, such as,

[1] "I make every possible effort to be unemotional. I try to restrain my heart from speaking even when it thinks it has much to say. I am always afraid that I shall find I have only heaved an ardent sigh when I thought I had expressed a profound truth."

[2] Books and Characters. By Lytton Strachey. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

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for example, the masterly essays on Voltaire, the portraits of Madame du Deffand, Mr. Creevey, and Lady Hester Stanhope included in the present volume, is that they not only recreate a personality in three dimensions, but a vivid, single impression of the culture, society, and *milieu* which that personality adorned. They do more, for Mr. Strachey is essentially a critic rather than a historian, and the dissective precision of his intellectual analyses is silhouetted against the background of a purely contemporary philosophy. It is this suggested revaluation of the past, not in its own terms, but in those of a troubled, disillusioned, and skeptical present day, that gives both force and pertinence to his art. Mr. Strachey is fundamentally an idealist, but he is desperately uncertain as to what ideals he should give his allegiance. He does not propose to be tricked by his emotions, and he has determined to examine ideas by the light of intelligence. This is the Mr. Strachey of the later essays; his interest is not now in the emotional content of literature, but in the speculative examination of life. His attitude is that of Lord Chesterfield, of Pope, of Prior and Horace Walpole, of whom he says that to them "there was nothing at all strange about the world; it was charming, it was disgusting, it was ridiculous, and it was just what one might have expected." Why, then, be deluded by vague, romantic theories, no matter how beautiful? Let us rather reason closely than feel deeply, and if the final residuum is purely negative—but from an ultimate negation Mr. Strachey will inevitably be spared by the sentimentality which he so greatly deplores. The intervention of Rousseau has made it impossible for the modern mind to recapture in all its freshness the untroubled reasonableness of the eighteenth century.

It is with the eighteenth century, however, that Mr. Strachey is most advantageously preoccupied, and in the essays in "Books and Characters" devoted to its special genius and its significant figures his art of criticism has attained a precision and vigor, a crystalline wit, in which French literature has always been fortunate and English literature extraordinarily deficient. In Mr. Strachey we have, I believe, a potential interpreter of the great personalities of the eighteenth century who by romantic definition and long neglect seem almost completely outside the realm of English literature, but to whose intellectual temper and speculative interests those of the present day are curiously similar. And of this revival of influence, since he is one of its most evident exponents, Mr. Strachey should be a gifted and brilliant critic.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

PAINTED WINDOWS. Studies in Religious Personality. By the Author of "Mirrors of Downing Street." Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

You go into a picture gallery with portraits by Rembrandt and Frans Hals. They are interesting pictures interpreting striking personalities; but are they true portraits? You do not know; you simply judge them as pictures. "Painted Windows" is such a picture gallery. They are interesting pictures, but whether true likenesses we do not assume to judge. The author has, however, unconsciously furnished an interesting portrait of himself. He is an individual dogmatist; has a theological standard by which he judges all sitters; believes with unquestioning faith in his own infallibility. His portraits have not the cynical quality which characterized the "Mirrors of Downing Street." There is enthusiasm in this collection; there was none in that. But the intensity of the author's convictions prevents impartiality of judgment. It is difficult to believe that any man is so free of virtues and so abounding in faults as Dr. Orchard or so free of faults and so abounding in virtues as Miss Maude Royden. "Painted Windows" is an interesting series of character sketches, and the artist gives evidence of skillful reading of character and real sincerity of purpose. But he is not unprejudiced, and the sureness of his faith in his own composite rather than catholic creed does not give the reader confidence in the accuracy of his portraits.

DRAMA

ANGELS AND MINISTERS. Four Plays of Victorian Shade and Character. By Laurence Housman. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.50.

Laurence Housman long ago demonstrated that his position in life was rather more than affording an engaging target for the fingers that desired to point out the brother of A. E. Housman. He has written excellent poetry, although his brother's work has overshadowed it. The name of Housman, in the case of Laurence, has been a dismal drawback. And now in "Angels and Ministers" he offers four little prose plays which would be considered excellently gentle satire of Victorian figures if Mr. Lytton Strachey's bearded physiognomy did not obtrude on the reader so. Yet the four playlets are quite delicious in their way, and especially is "The Queen: God Bless Her" to be singled out for an accolade. The figures of Victoria and Beaconsfield are delectable, and, though satire is evident, it is of the most kindly nature. We may guess that Mr. Housman smiles on certain aspects of the Victorian era, but we may also be sure that he loves it. The playlets are but episodes of the slenderest action, written primarily that the characters may outline themselves in dialogue. They do—and most successfully. Here is the easily praised, sentimental Queen, and here is the clever old beau of a Disraeli. "Angels and Ministers" might almost be a humble little annex to Mr. Strachey's output.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. W. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.75.

The long silence of Josephine Preston Peabody has been broken in the most distinguished manner, for in "Portrait of Mrs. W." she adds a work of such indubitable literary and historical gifts to American drama that the book may well be set aside as one of the major offerings of a season already rich in dramatic achievement. The actability of her play is a matter for more authoritative minds, although it may be pointed out that the action of this drama based on the career of Mary Wollstonecraft is hardly of that dynamic substance that appears to be most successful on the American stage. It is rather a play of characterization and one that builds up in its three acts a figure of such noble and heroic proportions as to awaken wonder why the feat has never been attempted before.

Mary Wollstonecraft was much maligned in her time. Indeed, Horace Walpole called her a "hyena in petticoats," but there would appear to be no reason for this epithet except in so far as Mary was years ahead of her age and may quite properly be termed the first "New Woman." She fought valiantly against the popular assumption of her day that women were but the playthings of men, and her "Vindication of the Rights of Women" stands as the first blow in a struggle that did not reach its successful conclusion until a very few years ago. Her life with William Godwin naturally affords Miss Peabody a stirring theme, and she has taken full advantage of it.

In the play she is pictured as a noble woman who has suffered for her ideals. Her marriage to Godwin is set forth, and, though this act would seem to be a retraction of her tenets of freedom, we are made to see that this is really not so. No more illuminating comment could have been made than the epilogue, in which her daughter, Mary, elopes with Shelley. At that time the picture of Mary Wollstonecraft (dead then) speaks to the daughter, saying, "Be strong." Miss Peabody has captured the essence of Mary Wollstonecraft in her play and painted a character that will linger in the reader's mind long after he has put the book down.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CONSCRIPTION AND CONSCIENCE. By John W. Graham, M.A. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London.

INHERITING THE EARTH. By O. D. Von Engeln. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

GARDEN OF THE LORD (THE). By Rev. Henry S. Whitehead. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $1.50.

GREAT SECRET (THE). By Maurice Maeterlinck. The Century Company, New York. $2.

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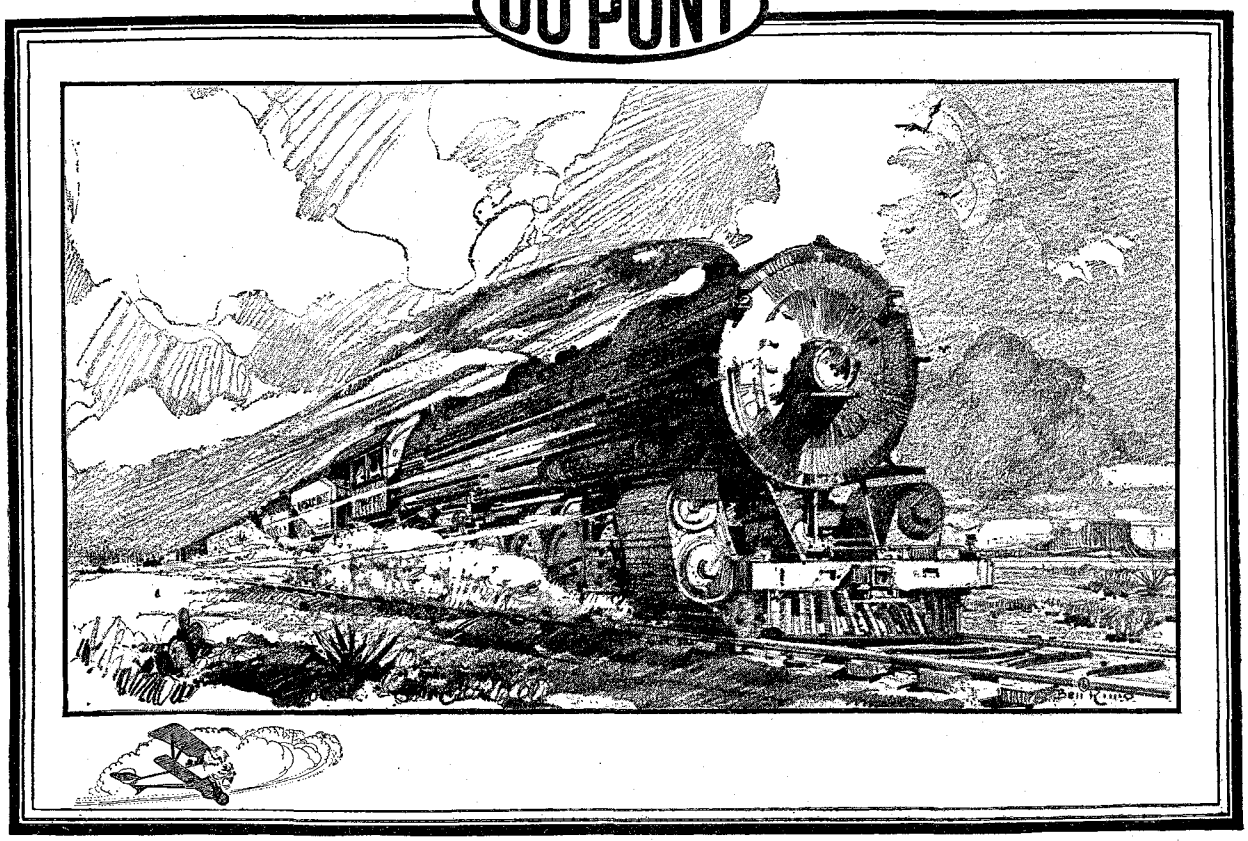
DU PONT



He has helped pack hours into minutes!

AFTER all, the measure of a man's life is how much he accomplishes in the years he has on earth; and one of civilization's hardest battles has been the struggle with Time . . . the unending effort to give to each succeeding generation the means of making a fuller use of the winged minutes.

This war with Time is old as Time itself . . . . yet the most glorious victories have come in the past century . . . . the century that has seen the entrance of the Chemical Engineer into the world's industries. It is *he* who has helped make your minutes as long as your great-grandfather's hours. It is *he* who, working miracles with metals, has made possible the wonders of today's time-saving transportation . . . . the mile-a-minute locomotive, the cross-country truck, the racing motor and now, the promises of the sky's highways.

Helping to produce telephone, telegraph—and wireless, he has cut the time of communicating with other people to the merest fraction of what it was a century ago. His applications of chemistry to inks, colors and papers, have made possible books, magazines, newspapers, publications that reach millions in the time your great-grandfather took to reach a few scores of people.

His paints, enamels, varnishes have placed beauty beyond Time's destroying hand. His movie films flash the world before you, and his phonograph records immortalize Caruso's voice for your children's children . . . . while Jenny Lind's is but a memory to a passing few.

* * *

THE Chemical Engineer is a pioneer in industry, for into the realm of manufacturing he has brought not only abundance of materials that speed the world's production, but processes that are new, that are less costly, that are less wasteful. To him, you and all this generation of men owe the radical advances in life's comfort that have come in the past hundred years.

It is the du Pont Company's pride that since its founding in 1802, it has been a large employer of Chemical Engineers . . . . and has been able to make very considerable contributions to the growth and advancement of applied chemistry that has given America its deserved supremacy in industrial achievement.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc., Wilmington, Del.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

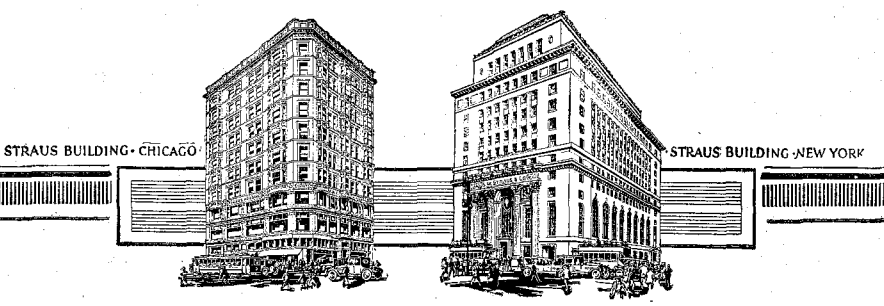
The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

"SMITH'S FIRST INVESTMENT"

IN the belief that many readers of The Outlook are not familiar with the method of buying and selling stocks on the New York Stock Exchange, we shall try to explain to them how such transactions are carried out. The idea was suggested to us by a pamphlet, in the form of a little play, issued by the Committee on Library, New York Stock Exchange, from whom copies of the pamphlet may be obtained upon application. The pamphlet is entitled "Smith's First Investment," with the sub-title "A Dramatization of a Typical Investment Transaction Made Through the New York Stock Exchange." It is an extremely interesting and informative piece of work, and we take the liberty of presenting the gist of it here.

The playlet opens with Smith, a man with money to invest, entering the Denver branch office of Wilkins & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange. A "quotation board" is on the wall at the rear of the office, and a boy is posting quotations on it as they are read off to him by another boy at the stock ticker, which lists every transaction on the Exchange a few moments after it is made.

Smith has never bought any stock in the office before. He



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This simple statement of fact is typical of thousands of letters we get from our clients every year, all telling the same story—safety, satisfaction, and freedom from worry and care, through investment in Straus bonds.

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BOOKLET I-1205

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565 *Fifth Ave. at 46th St.*

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6 *No. Clark St. at Madison St.*

FORTY YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

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is introduced to the manager, and explains that he has $10,000 he wants to invest in a good stock. He presents a letter of introduction, opens an account with the firm much as one would open an account with a bank, and is told that when he gives an order a deposit of one-half the amount required is necessary, the balance to be paid when the stock certificates are delivered to him. Upon inquiry, Smith learns that the usual commission for executing stock orders averages about 1/6 of 1 per cent—that is, $15 for the purchase of 100 shares of stock at $100 a share, involving $10,000.

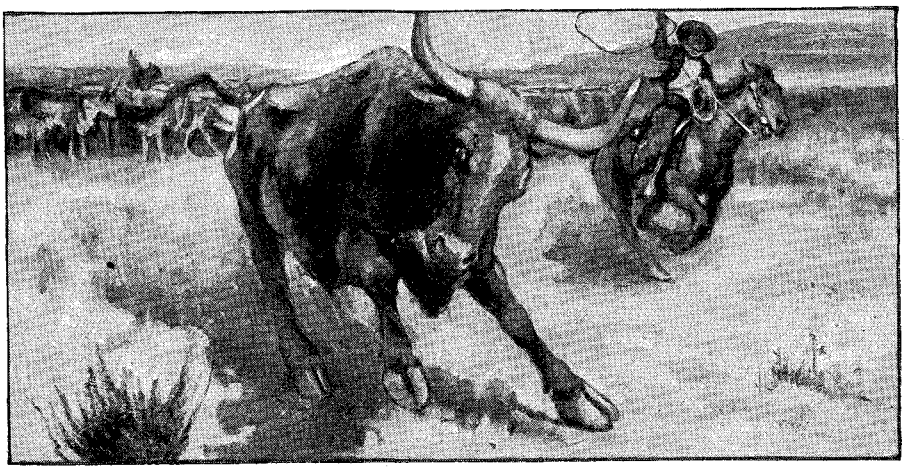
Smith is satisfied thus far, and asks the manager to buy him some stock which he considers good. The manager quickly informs him, however, that no good firm will take the responsibility of such an order; they are glad to give an opinion on securities, but cannot accept "discretionary orders." Smith thereupon asks his opinion of a certain stock, and the manager tells him he considers it a good investment. He explains to Smith, however, that an order for this stock does not mean that it is being bought *from* Wilkins & Co., but only *through* them. The brokerage firm is merely an agent. He explains further to Smith that a great advantage of buying stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange is the fact that they can be bought and sold on a very few minutes' notice, which is not true of many unlisted securities. Again, listed securities make better collateral and it is easier to borrow money on them. Lastly, the investor is protected, because the Exchange severely restricts the way business is done there.

The manager and Smith then consult the ticker, and find that the stock they have in mind has just sold at 95⅛. Smith thinks he does not want to pay more than that for it, and finds that he can enter an order for it at that price and it will be bought for him at 95⅛ or less or not at all. He therefore writes on the order pad, "Buy 100 Blank Common at 95⅛."

The manager takes the slip to the window marked "Orders" and hands it in. A clerk takes the slip, reads it, and hands it to the telegrapher seated at an adjoining desk before a telegraph instrument. The telegrapher reads the slip as he transmits the message over the firm's private wire to New York, "Buy 100 Blank Common at 95⅛."

In the wire room of Wilkins & Co.'s New York office are several telegraphers seated at desks labeled "Denver," "Boston," etc. The instrument on the Denver desk begins to click and the order comes in, "Buy 100 Blank Common at 95⅛." When he has written out the message, the telegrapher hands the slip to the order clerk. The order clerk takes down the receiver of his telephone, which is connected with another telephone on the ground floor of the New York Stock Exchange. "Hello! Hello!" he says. "Buy 100 Blank Common at 95⅛. Got it?" He replaces the receiver.

At the other end of the phone is another clerk. He too writes out the

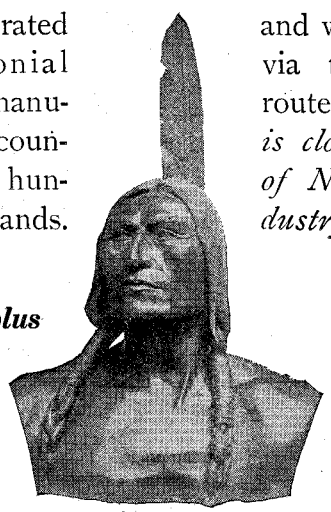


En route to American sidewalks

AT every stage, from living cattle to finished footwear, good banking smooths the commercial pathway for the leather industry. Whether hides and skins are shipped from the American or Canadian West, Latin America, the Orient or elsewhere, funds and documents are handled accurately, safely and swiftly. The banker also conducts investigations and performs other special services at moderate cost.

Boston, the greatest leather market, is a clearing house for domestic and foreign hides. Tanneries have operated here since Colonial days. Leather manufacture in this country employs hundreds of thousands. Sturdy Massachusetts shoes are preferred by millions, East, West and abroad. Other New England-made leather goods sell in markets nearly as extensive. In serving all this national and international commerce, the world-wide organization of the National Shawmut Bank is decidedly useful and efficient.

It is always a pleasure to welcome new clients who desire to avail themselves of our facilities and experience. Likewise, it is pleasing to serve other banks who have business in this section, and wish to handle it via the most direct route—*the bank that is closest to the heart of New England industry.*



Capital and Surplus $20,000,000

Correspondence is invited

THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK *of* BOSTON

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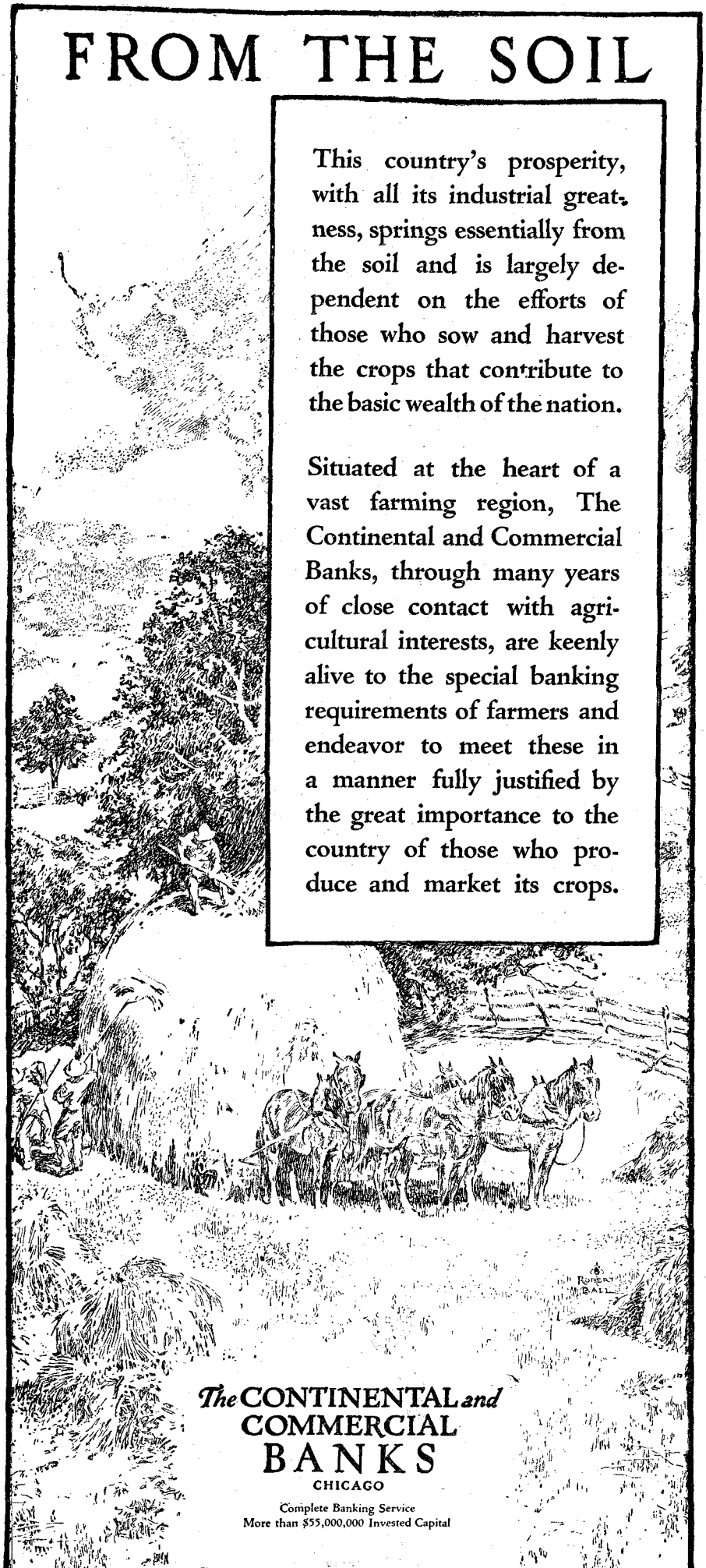
This country's prosperity, with all its industrial greatness, springs essentially from the soil and is largely dependent on the efforts of those who sow and harvest the crops that contribute to the basic wealth of the nation.

Situated at the heart of a vast farming region, The Continental and Commercial Banks, through many years of close contact with agricultural interests, are keenly alive to the special banking requirements of farmers and endeavor to meet these in a manner fully justified by the great importance to the country of those who produce and market its crops.



The CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO
Complete Banking Service
More than $55,000,000 Invested Capital

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

order on a slip of paper, presses a button beside him, which flashes a number on the annunciator board at one end of the room, this number belonging to Mr. Wilkins, the floor member of the firm. He sees his number on the board, hurries to the telephone, and gets the slip with the order on it. He then hurries back to the trading floor, which is covered with brokers and pages; there is a loud murmur of voices and many people are hurrying to and fro.

Mr. Wilkins approaches the "post" where Blank stock is traded in and inquires the market on Blank Common. A specialist seated at the "post" replies, "94⅞ bid—offered at 95⅛." Mr. Wilkins then shouts to the crowd assembled there, "I'll give 95 for a hundred Blank." Another broker answers, "I'll sell a hundred at 95⅛." Again Mr. Wilkins tries to buy it at 95, in order to save the extra eighth for his customer, but the other broker is firm. A third broker appears on the scene at just that moment and offers a hundred at 95. "Take it," shouts Wilkins, eagerly. The two brokers confirm the deal, and Wilkins reports to his telephone clerk. The report of the purchase thereupon starts traveling back towards Denver over the same route the order to buy had taken, and in a very few minutes—less than ten probably—Smith is handed a confirmation slip by the manager announcing that Wilkins & Co. have purchased 100 shares of Blank Common for him at $95 a share. Smith gives Wilkins & Co. his check for one-half the purchase price, and inquires when he may expect to receive his stock certificate.

"Not for several days," says the manager. "You see, this transaction must go through the clearing-house first, and Wilkins & Co. will get the certificate tomorrow. But, as you wish to take this stock up and hold it as an investment, it must first be transferred into your name at the transfer office of the Blank Corporation, in New York, so that the dividends will be sent to you. Before the certificate is transferred into your name you must pay us the remaining sum you owe on it. When our New York office gets the certificate made out in your name, it will send it by registered mail to us. When we receive it, we will notify you, and you can take it away."

"But, in the meantime," Smith asks, "how about a receipt?"

He has the confirmation, the manager tells him, but of course he can have a formal receipt too.

Meanwhile the boy at the ticker in the Denver office reports the sale of 100 Blank Common at 95 and the board boy puts the quotation on the board, where the customers seated about the room can readily see it.

"Probably the 100 shares you bought," the manager says to Smith.

"How are the reports of sales and purchases put on the ticker tape?" Smith inquires.

"When a sale is made on the floor of the Exchange," the manager explains,

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reporter writes it down, checks it with the brokers making it, and turns it over to one of four telegraph stations on the floor. The operator there telegraphs it to an office in an upper story of the Exchange building, where another set of operators put it on the ticker. From there it goes out, and is printed immediately on ticker machines all over the country."

Smith asks if any one can get a ticker machine, and learns that the Stock Exchange is very strict about them and will allow no one to have one of their tickers unless the results of careful inquiries are entirely satisfactory. Any firm suspected of illegitimate transactions is liable to have the ticker removed from its office, for all tickers are the property of the Exchange.

So it happened that Smith made his first investment and discovered how it all was done. If he had wished to sell 100 shares of Blank Common, the procedure would have been almost exactly the same, except that he would have had to deliver his stock certificates for this number of shares when he placed his order to sell. And he could have instructed his broker not to sell for less than 95⅛, or "at the market," which means the best price the broker can get for it at the time of sale.

Buying and selling stock through the New York Stock Exchange is, so far as the investor is concerned, one of the simplest things imaginable. And the service rendered is probably speedier and more efficient than is the case with any other transaction in the world of business.

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The Atlantic Trust Investment Plan is the partial payment or instalment plan of buying bonds, with this important addition:

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With a first payment as low as $50 and monthly payments of $20, you can buy the same bonds we buy for the investment of the bank's funds.

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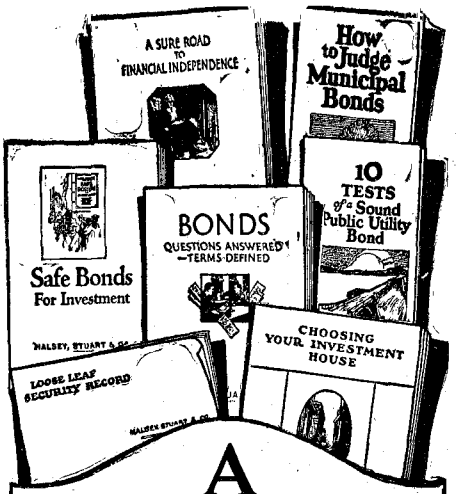
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QUESTIONS ANSWERED—TERMS DEFINED
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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT HOUSE
LOOSE LEAF SECURITY RECORD

A Library of Investment Information

TO AFFORD investors a simple explanation of the elements of safety to be looked for in the selection of securities, the technical terms used in bond descriptions, the various types of bonds, etc., we publish a list of booklets and circulars which comprise a rather complete library of investment information, presented in non-technical form.

Some of these publications are listed below. We shall be glad to send copies upon request.

[1] Choosing Your Investment House.
[2] A Sure Road to Financial Independence.
[3] Bonds—Questions Answered—Terms Defined.
[4] Ten Tests of a Sound Public Utility.
[5] How to Judge Municipal Bonds.
[6] Loose Leaf Security Record.
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MAIL COUPON BELOW and indicate booklets desired. They will be sent promptly without obligation.

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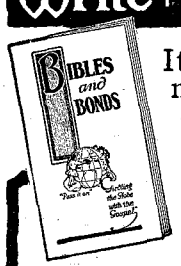

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It describes the annuity bond, a safe, convenient, and productive investment which promotes a fundamental Christian enterprise. Endorsed by all denominations.

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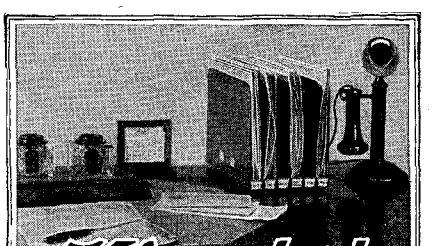
AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY
Bible House, Astor Place, New York



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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered.

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NEWFOUND LAKE
Brookside Inn and Bungalows
Bridgewater, N. H. Excellent cuisine, Boating, bathing, tennis, etc. September bookings only. G. T. YOUNG, Prop.

BEMIS CAMPS
Overlooking KIMBALL LAKE near the White Mountains
The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Make your reservations now for Sept. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing, nights around the camp-fire. Private cabins. Address
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Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost.
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Rates with Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. KNOTT Management.

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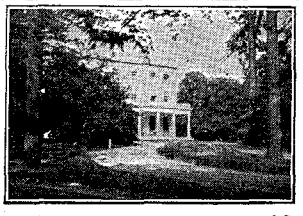
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars.
C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

KEENE VALLEY INN. Keene Valley, N. Y. Altitude 1,200 ft. Mtn. climbing, tennis, fishing. Capacity 150. $18 week up. Illus. booklet. W. W. Black, Prop.

Health Resorts



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Private Hospital
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Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*
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START profitable mail-order business at home. We teach you by successful method. Particulars free. Walhamore Company, Mail Order Dept., Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—Active partner in established girls' camp. Man or woman with some capital, business experience, and advantageous connections. 1,897, Outlook.

WANTED—To purchase whole or part interest in bookstore. Middle West preferred. 1,908, Outlook.

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DIETITIANS, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

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SECRETARY-typist speaking French for this office Sept. 5. Hopkins' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave. Governesses, housekeepers, teachers, etc.

MUSICAL

WANTED, by conservatory graduate, experienced organist, accompanist, teacher of piano, voice, and pipe organ, position as church organist in city with opening for studio. Fine references furnished. 2,012, Outlook.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

150 letter sheets and 100 envelopes, $1. Postpaid. Burnett Print Shop, Box 145, Ashland, O.

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LILACS

BY HARRY LEE

THE little seamstress
Paused before a stall
Where lilacs were—
And suddenly
The street became
A leafy lane to her,
All rainy winds
And twitterings,
And flitting amber light,
And wings—

The room rent paid,
One need not think
Of anything
But food and drink—
And one can work
With *such* a will—
With misty lilacs
On the sill—

The little seamstress
Paused before a stall
Where lilacs were—
She came
In threadbare gray, but oh—
She went
In lavender—

Important to Subscribers

When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

An Unusual Service for Outlook Readers

You are frequently in need of a household helper, companion, nurse, governess, teacher, or business or professional assistant. Or perhaps you are in search of such a position yourself.

In either case, an Outlook "Want Ad" will undoubtedly solve the problem. Here is a typical extract from a letter just received—"I had not anticipated that my ad would prove so alluring. I received twenty-four replies and they came from thirteen different States. It has given me a great respect for the wide circulation of The Outlook."

Try a "Want Ad."

The rate is only Ten Cents a Word.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue **New York City**

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

WANTED—Trained nurse in school for retarded children. 1,889, Outlook.

LATIN TEACHERS WANTED by famous New England school. Should be young and unmarried, have done some graduate work, and had a little experience in teaching. Address Latin Department, 8,008, Outlook.

Business Situations

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet CM-27. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS—Signs of all kinds for stores and offices. Big money making line. Atracto Sign Works, Z, Cicero P. O., Chicago,

Companions and Domestic Helpers

RESIDENTIAL position (especially desirable for woman seeking good home and associations rather than salary) in New York City school as receptionist, open September 11. Also another position as caretaker of linen with occasional duties as practical nurse. 1,885, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined and experienced young woman to assist mother in care and training of four small children, Ridgewood, N. J. Address 2,010, Outlook.

WANTED—Intelligent, capable working housekeeper for infirmary and social service center in mountains of North Carolina. Prefer country woman interested in teaching children. Communicate with Miss L. Holman for particulars, Altapass, North Carolina.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Young man well qualified to establish vocational department in private school for slightly retarded boys. School opens September. 1,887, Outlook.

WANTED—Man to teach athletics and academic subjects to subnormal boys over sixteen. School opens September. 1,888, Outlook.

WANTED—Man teacher for fifteen-year-old daughter and nine-year-old son. Winter months in Florida or Europe. E. L. King, Winona, Minn.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse, quiet, sunny disposition, cultivated, orphan, desires position useful companion with invalid gentleman. Highest credentials. 1,886, Outlook.

Business Situations

SUCCESSFUL, experienced young woman, campaign, publicity, writer, public speaker, newspaper work, desires position in New York. Best references. 1,857, Outlook.

SECRETARY, nurse, desires position abroad. Executive ability, pleasing personality, unusual experience. Has traveled abroad. 1,874, Outlook.

WANTED, October 1, position as superintendent of children's home or nursery. Experienced. Present position six years. Very successful with girls. 1,898, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, executive ability, two years' experience as translator and research clerk, desires similar position. 1,907, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT or secretary, forceful, 37, accustomed large responsibilities in manufacturing, mechanical engineering, general business administration, desires new engagement September 1. 2,007, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG woman of adaptable personality desires position as traveling companion or home secretary. 1,869, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman desires engagement as housekeeper, housemother in school; would manage gentleman's home and children. Capable of taking full charge. References. 1,862, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse of refinement desires position attendant to invalid or elderly lady in pleasant Protestant home near Philadelphia. Address Miss Foresman, 607, Milton, Pa.

POSITION by refined young woman as companion and household aid. Diploma, trained attendant, cheerful disposition. 233 Beatrice St., Toronto, Ont.

WANTED—Position as companion to lady, elderly person, or invalid. Address 1,902, Outlook.

LADY of refinement wishes to act as chaperon, companion, hostess, or housekeeper. 1,901, Outlook.

ENGLISH lady seeks re-engagement as managing housekeeper, or any position of trust where maids are kept. Trained nurse. Would like to have little daughter of 10 years with her. Highest references. Mrs. Miller, 115 South Pleasant St., Amherst, Mass.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION desired as managing housekeeper in institution or refined private home, or as directress of tea room. Reference. Address E. H., care of H. H. Lyman, Middlefield, Conn.

EXPERIENCED housekeeper, economical and efficient, desires position. References. 2,003, Outlook.

LADY of wide experience desires position as housemother and chaperon in girls' private school. Excellent references. 2,002, Outlook.

WANTED—Position in home for children, or instructor in week-day school of religious education. 2,001, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED dietitian desires position, preferably in tea room or cafeteria. 1,909, Outlook.

LADY wishes position taking care of semi-invalid or convalescent. Middle West. Address 522 N. 6th St., Wahpeton, N. D.

MIDDLE-aged American gentlewoman desires position as companion or managing housekeeper in or near New York City or Boston. References given and required. 2,018, Outlook.

EXCEPTIONAL young woman, highly educated, socially trained, widely traveled, amiable, adaptable disposition, wishes position as companion or courier to one or more persons or chaperon to girls. Free to go anywhere after October 1. Correspondence solicited. 2,017, Outlook.

MATRON, housekeeper, housemother, school or nurses' home. Highest credentials. 411 Linden St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

AMERICAN Protestant widow as managing housekeeper private home where maid is employed, or hostess in college dormitory. Experience. References. 2,009, Outlook.

LADY will rear children and manage a home. Young, executive, with entire knowledge of requirements. 2,008, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE professor, university graduate, North American, desires post immediately to teach English in Latin-American university or college. Moderate salary. Speaks Spanish and French. 1,860, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED governess, mother's helper, desires position with children under ten by October 16. Graduate kindergartner. References. 2,004, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, college student, desires position as teacher in private school in or within commuting distance of New York City. Arts and crafts, athletics, folk dancing. 2,013, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOOKKEEPING in a week. Dukes, 1857c Walton Ave., New York.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

YOUNG lady wishes to give services in household of business couple in return for use of piano and time for practice. 2,015, Outlook.

REFINED GENTLEMAN and wife, owing to unusual circumstances, will undertake trustworthy care large country estate during winter in exchange for rent. Particular qualifications. Excellent references. 2,006, Outlook.

THE Berkshires. Lady in attractive bungalow offers room and board for September to useful companion. Miss R. N. Hornor, R D. 1, Winsted, Conn.

FOR SALE—Half price. Complete piano and organ correspondence course. 1,903, Outlook.

INDIVIDUAL instruction for exceptional children. Beautiful country home. Experienced psychologist. 1,904, Outlook.

WANTED—Defective people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

A little fellow about 4 years old wants a playfellow about his age who is similarly situated. City or country. His father would like to meet a parent who believes two boys of equal age might live together to mutual advantage, having the same kindergarten teacher, etc. Nelson has always had a good home (Protestant), is well behaved, and in perfect health. His sisters (about 8 and 10) are entering a boarding school, and it doesn't seem right to leave him alone. His father, a New York business man, might live in the same home with him if accommodations are suitable, but this is not required. Surroundings must be A1. Appointment for interview may be arranged by addressing 1,900, Outlook.

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Detroit & Buffalo	Detroit & Cleveland
Lv. Detroit 5:30 p.m.	Lv. each city 11:00 p.m.
Arr. Buffalo 8:30 a.m.	Arr. each city 6:15 a.m.
Lv. Buffalo 6:00 p.m.	(Daylight trips during July and August)
Arr. Detroit 9:00 a.m.	
Fare—$6.00 one way; $11.50 round trip.	Fare—$3.60 one way; $6.50 round trip.

Berths, $1.80 up; Staterooms, $4.20 up; Parlor, $7.20 up

Direct rail connections made at Detroit Buffalo and Cleveland for all sections of the country. Rail tickets accepted and automobiles carried (15 to 25% reduction in rate this year). Gas must be removed. Wireless aboard.

For reservations and further information address R. G. Stoddard, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt., Detroit, Mich.

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Is an aerial on the house dangerous? Can you receive as well on a single wire as on a multiple wire antenna? Where is a thermo-couple used? How would you hook up a regenerative set.

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Name.....

Address.....

BY THE WAY

WHAT mental image is called up by the words "an Englishwoman"? Probably that of a fair-haired, blue-eyed, slender woman above the ordinary height. And with this image in mind the author of "Crusading in the West Indies" no doubt received a shock when he asked an old Negress in San Juan if she was a Porto Rican and received the proud answer, "I am an Englishwoman!" "I never," he says, "should have suspected it from her color. It appeared that she was born in one of the neighboring English islands and was a British subject—therefore 'an Englishwoman;' not bad logic!"

President Southard, of the International Association of Women Preachers, in a recent address said that of all the churches the Friends (Quakers) have had the largest proportion of preaching women. The Disciples of Christ and the Christian Church have also always given opportunity for women to preach. The Salvation Army recognized sex equality from the beginning. "The liberal churches, Unitarian and Universalist, ordain women. 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' was written by a Unitarian minister, Julia Ward Howe."

Wealthy Uncle (as reported by the "Purple Cow" of Williams)—"You are extravagant, sir. These cigars are a lot better than I smoked at your age."

Collegiate Nephew (coolly)—"They're a lot better than you smoke now."

"Finance and mechanics have long been considered non-feminine spheres," a writer in the "New Republic" says, "and so it is encouraging to discover that in New York City there are 399 women bankers and money-lenders, 940 real estate agents, 1,699 manufacturers, and 1,051 managers. It is equally gratifying to discover 137 women engravers, 22 electricians, 12 building contractors, 24 architects, and 10 electrical engineers. The list even includes seven inventors, a mechanical engineer, and 324 dentists—all tasks requiring mechanical skill."

Visiting Aunt (as reported by "Punch")—"You've been a naughty little girl to-day, Pamela."

Pamela—"Well, you shouldn't come on a Monday; that's my bad day."

Commenting on Mr. Hutchinson's novel "If Winter Comes," as the greatest success in fiction of the past year, Mr. C. K. Shorter, editor of the London "Sphere," raises the question whether the book's psychology is altogether sound. "Men's understanding of women is a thing upon which they continually flatter themselves," he says, "but where they constantly come to grief. Novelists and poets have not been the most fortunate classes so far as their married life is concerned.

"Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
Were not drawn from their spouses, you'll believe,

says Byron, and an analysis of the married life of the majority of poets and novelists who have prided themselves upon their knowledge of womankind ha shown that they have almost invariabl selected the wrong partners in life. Bu the main thing is that Mr. Hutchinso has succeeded in writing another nove which will command a wide public an which will prove provocative of discus sion."

The question has been raised as t where O. Henry, the famous short-stor writer, got the O. in his *nom de plume* A writer in the New York "Times" quotes "the only interview ever given t a newspaper" by William Sydney Por ter, as O. Henry was known in real life as conclusive on the subject:

"It was during these New Orlean days that I adopted my pen name. said to a friend: 'I am going to sen out some stuff. I don't know if i amounts to much, so I want to get literary alias. Help me pick out a goo one.' He suggested that we get a news paper and pick a name from the firs list of notables that we found in it. I the society columns we found the ac count of a fashionable ball. 'Here w have our notables,' said he. We looke down the list and my eye lighted on th name Henry. 'That'll do for a las name,' said I. 'Now for a first name I want something short. None of you three-syllable names for me.' 'Wh don't you use a plain initial, then?' asked my friend. 'Good,' said I; 'O i about the easiest letter written, and C it is.'"

Basketball Coach (as reported by th "Yale Record")—"Here you! Don't d that! Use your head!"

Little Green—"Oh, is that allowed?"

A lover of horses sends these item about famous chargers:

Epitaph on the grave of Copenhagen, the charger ridden by the Duke of Wellington the entire day of the battle of Waterloo:

Born 1808. Died 1836.
God's humble servant, tho of meaner clay,
Should share the glory of that glorious day.

The Grenadier Guards had a snuff-box made of one of the hoofs of Napoleon's horse Marengo. The lid was inscribed:

Hoof of Marengo, barb-charger of Napoleon. Ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the Russian Campaign and at Waterloo.

General Lee's horse, Traveller, lived two years after his master's death, lovingly cared for.

General Custer's horse, Comanche, alone of horses and men, survived the Battle of Little Big Horn. He lived to be almost thirty years old—was never ridden again after Custer's last stand. His name was entered on the retired list of the U. S. Army and for nearly twenty years drew a pension.

Apropos of faithful horses, it is an nounced that Mrs. Warren G. Hardin has presented a check for $100 t "Clover," a fifty-one-year-old horse. " hope Clover will long continue to be th oldest horse in the world," she said i presenting the gift.

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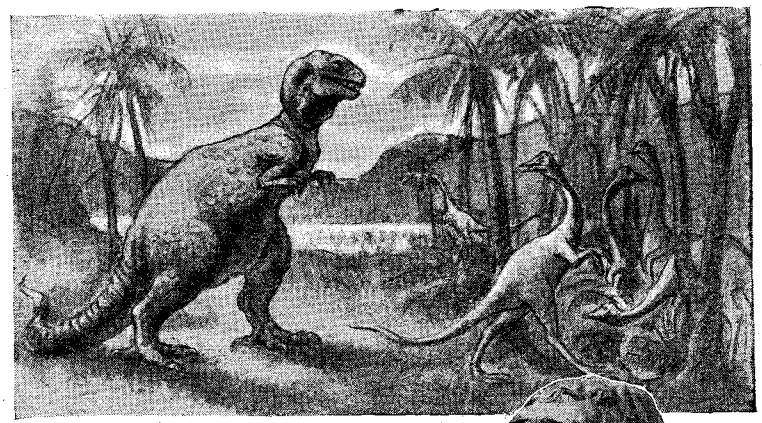
Will the Dinosaur Lead to "The Oldest Man in the World?"

THEY'VE done it. A band of gifted scientists, with the divine flair for epoch-making discoveries, have crossed the earth and put their finger "on the spot." The "spot" is the great centre of all life, in the heart of Asia. From here, science has long held, the animal life of America and Europe started its great migration. Man himself, science believes, began his evolution upward in this same "spot," hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Roy Chapman Andrews and his expedition, sent by the American Museum of Natural History, ASIA, and the American Asiatic Association, to find the origins of primitive man—with their caravan of seventy-five camels crossing the great Desert of Gobi—have just made a discovery that turns theory into reality. They have found in the heart of Mongolia dinosaur fossils almost identical with those in our own Rockies. And President Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History, the greatest scientific authority, declares it establishes once for all that America and Asia were linked; that our animal life migrated from Asia; that Asia is the great "mother of continents."

Thus at the very start of the Expedition's five years' work, one of its chief objectives is achieved. But the quest is still on for the biggest game—for man himself—for fossil remains older than the 500,000-year-old Java man, the "oldest man in the world."

Will the dinosaur point the way? Read Professor Osborn's interpretation of the world-wide significance of this discovery in the September



American Carnivorous Dinosaurs Discovered in Mongolia. To the left of the picture—the Tyrant Dinosaur. To the right of the picture—a group of Ostrich Dinosaurs. Drawn especially for ASIA by Elizabeth N. Fulda, after Charles R. Knight and Erwin Christman.

The Half-Million-Year-Old Java Man

Restoration by J. H. MacGregor

In a Pit With a Wild Leopard

Frank Buck, one of the ablest collectors of wild animals, snakes and birds for zoos and circuses, starts this installment of his adventures mildly enough with a tea-party. He winds up in a pit with a black leopard, the fiercest of its kind. More thrilling than fiction. As valuable as a book on natural history.

Arms and the Men in China

China today lies in the hands of one man, Wu Pei-fu, General of the Third Division, a man whose hands and feet are as small as a woman's, whose modesty and bashfulness are astounding. An article on world affairs, by Rodney Gilbert—important because it gets at the heart of power in China today—important because peace or war in China affects America's international future more than we can measure.

ASIA

The American Magazine on the Orient

0 illustrations. Special insert of remarkable photographs.

Here are three noteworthy events from a monthly table of contents opening up to Americans a field of rare new interest of fundamental concern. ASIA combines reading of tremendous interest with knowledge of unusual importance.

The key-note of ASIA is truthfulness to life in its vivid realities. It is this rather than cheap fiction and fantastic fancy that has enabled ASIA to do the spectacular in reaching an audience of the most distinctive people in the country—from a circulation of a few thousand, five years ago, to one of over 100,000 today—an audience of such distinction that one hard-headed advertiser Rochester, N. Y., wrote: "Your subscription list for this city is higher quality than that of any magazine I have seen."

Other Features in the September ASIA

Europe and the Arab World *By William Linn Westermann.* The stormy and menacing action in the Near East against Western domination.

Indian Mind and Greek Genius *By George Marvin* The head of Buddha dug up at Takht-i-Bahi, throws a new sidelight on Oriental history.

A Malaysian Market *By Florence J. Naismith* A vibrant early-morning scene on one of the islands of the Philippine Archipelago.

In a Chinese Restaurant *By Cale Young Rice* A poem.

A Napoleon of the Solomons *By Edward A. Salisbury* Staging a head-hunt for the movies in the South Sea Islands with ex-cannibals as actors.

Wisdom Which Is One With Love *By L. Adams Beck* *Illustrations by Edith Emerson* A romance founded on ancient Tibetan and Indian writings.

An African Interlude *By Gertrude Emerson* A group of glamorous and dramatic impressions. Port Sudan to Luxor.

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Science keeps down costs

When the Bell System installed its first successful telephone cable, fifty wires was the largest number that could be operated in a single cable without "cross-talk" and other interference. Today it would require 48 cables of the original type to accommodate the number of wires often operated in one cable.

Without this improvement in cable, the construction of new underground and aerial lines would have cost the Bell System upwards of a hundred million dollars more than has actually been spent. In addition, the cost of maintenance would have been greater by eighteen million dollars a year. These economies in the Bell System mean a saving in telephone rates to each individual subscriber.

In all branches of telephone practice science has similarly contributed to economy. Even in such a comparatively small item as switchboard cords, improvements have reduced the cost of renewal by four million dollars a year.

Every new telephone added to the Bell System increases the usefulness of *all* telephones, but this multiplication tends likewise to increase the complications and the expense of service. The scientists of the Bell System, to offset this tendency, are constantly called upon to develop new devices which simplify complications and keep down costs.

By virtue of a united system the benefits of these improvements are shared by all subscribers—and the nation is provided with the best and cheapest telephone service in the world.

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Photographs and Cartoons

THE OUTLOOK can always use good amateur photographs of interesting scenes or events. We pay $3 for each one accepted, if suitable for a half page or smaller; $5 if selected for full-page reproduction. We especially want snapshots made by the person submitting the photographs. Cartoons are also desired; if accepted we pay $1 each. Postage should be inclosed for return of photographs if not available for our use; cartoons are not returned.

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT, who interviewed Mr. Thomas at our request, has studied theology in this country and abroad, in Paris, has been on the staffs of the Boston "Transcript," the Chicago Tribune," and the "Literary Digest," has written books and articles, and has been a frequent contributor to The Outlook.

NEWTON FUESSLE is on the staff of The Outlook.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN and RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN are husband and wife, and together they sign these verses on a common subject. They are journalists (there is no word of common gender for newspaper man, unless we say newspaper people), novelists and poets. They were both war correspondents in Europe. They are natives of neighboring States—Mr. Kauffman of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Kauffman of New York.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE, as the reader of his sympathetic and discerning article on the Negro in this issue will note, is the son of a Confederate veteran. He is a native of South Carolina; he studied at Porter Academy, in the old city of Charleston of that State. He received his bachelor's and master's degrees from Union College. As readers of The Outlook know, he has contributed articles to The Outlook on his experiences and observations as a hunter and lover of nature. He has written books, among them "Old Plantation Days," "Tom Hunter on the Old Plantation," "Plantation Game Trails."

FRANK A. WAUGH, whose contributions to The Outlook on scenic subjects have been a deft mingling of instruction, exhortation, and entertainment, is Professor of Horticulture and Landscape Gardening at the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

HENRY L. SWEINHART is an experienced newspaper correspondent in Washington. He sends us his comment on the coal situation, and in particular on the policy of the newly appointed Coal Distributer, at our request.

ELBERT F. BALDWIN, for many years a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook, is now representing The Outlook abroad, where his wide and accurate acquaintance with foreign affairs is put to the best possible service of The Outlook's readers.

LLOYD R. MORRIS is an editor, translator, and critic, of New York City.

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